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RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers;
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
Where, on all beauty, death's fingers are laid;
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
Weary with parting and never to meet,
Some one has gone to the bright golden shore—
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell *softly*, there's crape on the door!

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in;
Joyous as birds, when the morning is bright,
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light;
Weary with sowing and never to reap,
Weary with labor and welcoming sleep—
Some one's departed to Heaven's bright shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell *softly*, there's crape on the door!

Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them in Heaven's bright street;
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest;
Free from earth's trials, and taking sweet rest.
Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss—
One less to cherish, and one less to *kiss*;
One more departed to Heaven's bright shore.
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell *softly*, there's crape on the door!

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WAS IT FACT OR FANCY?

Agnes was the first to speak, for her cousin, like a very ghost, now stood silent and motionless, as though waiting to be interrogated. "Why don't you shake hands with me, Richard?"

The young man came forward quickly into the starlight, and held out his hand. She took his feverish fingers in her own, and holding them fast, looked long and steadily into his face. It had grown very thin and haggard. His eyes, more bright and prominent than she had ever seen them, moved uneasily in their sockets, as though seeking to escape her gaze. Upon his cheeks there was an unwonted flush, which, with his wild air, gave to his beauty an almost lurid tinge.

"Where are you come from, cousin?"

"London."

"And what brings you here, so suddenly and so late?"

"You."

"Well, but I shall be here to-morrow. Why not come to-morrow? Go to the inn and sleep to-night, for I am sure you are in need of sleep."

"I never sleep," returned the young man, slowly. "I lie awake and dream—that's all. I dream of you."

"How foolish that is of you, Richard: when you could have come and seen me, if you chose, or at all events have written to me: I have heard nothing of you, you know, for many months."

This was true, but it had not distressed her, for Mr. Carstairs had assured her that the longer her cousin remained away, and the less communication between them in the meantime, the better it would be for the young man's mental health. She knew that he would visit the Brae sooner or later; for he had left his sea-chest, containing his professional apparel, in charge of Cubra, to whom he had written once or twice, short, quiet, sensible letters, which had spoken of himself as well and cheerful; and the change in his present appearance was the more startling upon that account.

"No; I have not written, Agnes, but I have heard of you; and that is why I came down here. Look you," here he raised his voice, and struck the table with his clenched fist, "you have become friends with that man's sister. Why is that?"

"Because I choose, cousin," answered Agnes, firmly. "Mrs. Newman has suffered much of late; she has lost her only son. He was drowned in crossing the sands."

"Her son? I did not know she had a son. Poor soul! I wish it had been her brother."

"Richard! Do you then wish him dead who saved your life in yonder bay? For shame—for shame!"

"Yes. All cowards deserve to die; and besides, I hate him."

"That you hate him, merely shows that you are ungrateful, Richard. As for the rest, John Carlyon is courage itself."

"What! when a man will not take an insult when it is offered?—will not accept a challenge when it is given?"

"That depends upon who insults—who challenges. Have you been seeking the man's life who saved your own—wicked, ungrateful boy?"

"I let him know what I thought of him, that's all, and I gave him the opportunity of resenting it. I say that he is a coward."

"But you do not think so, Richard. If you have come here only to tell me falsehoods, I have no wish to hear them."

"I am come here for something else, Agnes. Do not let us quarrel." Here his voice, ever harsh and sullen, sunk and softened. "I am come to claim your promise, claim my bride."

"My promise, Richard?" The blood rushed to her face, and her breath came so short and quick, that she could scarcely frame the words. "I don't know what you mean."

"Ah! who is speaking falsehoods now? My pretty one that will not hint of love, except by those twin roses in her cheeks. My life, my own, my all!—ah, how I love you!" His eyes had lost their shifting light, and beamed with ineffable tenderness; his face, so sunk and hollowed, seemed to have regained its look of youth; his fingers played with one bright tress of hers that had wandered from its fellows, as a child's hand with a flower. "How beautiful you are, Agnes! Let me hear the music of your voice."

It was plain that he might have been governed by her lightest word, did she but choose to humor him. If she had but said, "Go, love, and come to-morrow," with a meaning smile, he would have obeyed her. It would have been easy to hoodwink one already so half-blind with passion. But Agnes shrank from a treachery which to many would have seemed a pardonable *ruse*. She would not play fast-and-loose even with a madman.

"Cousin Richard, you have long ago had my answer to the question you would put. It is unmannerly, and most unlike a gentleman, to press me thus. I will never marry you, because I do not love you; and more, Richard, if you continue to persecute me in this unmanly fashion, I shall forget that you are my cousin—the only relative I have in the world—and—"

"You will not marry me!" interrupted the young man, vehemently; "and because you do not love me! That is not true. It is because you love another man far better. Now, listen; I will tell you something about that man, whom you think noble, pure, and truthful."

"Are you speaking of the man you strove to kill, Richard?"

"Well, that was a lie. I did but say it to prove you—to see whether you could love him still, even if he were a coward. I *wished* him dead a thousand times, 'tis true, but then—why he saved my life. My curse upon him. If I had known, when we two stood upon the lessening sand yonder, and he was breasting the swift tide in hopes to save us—*if* I had known what was to come of it, and how this man should steal away your heart, I would have flung my arms about you, Agnes Crawford, and perished with you in the roaring flood, before your hand clasped his. I would, so help me, heaven!"

"Heaven will not help you, Richard, if your thoughts are such as these."

"And you shall never win him now—be sure of that," went on the young man vehemently. "You hope so—yes, you do—but that hope shall bear no fruit. I tell you he is not worthy of you—he is neither pure nor true."

"Is that 'to prove me,' also, cousin Richard?" said Agnes, pitifully.

"No," answered the other with vehemence, "as God is my judge. I know this Carlyon well. I ought to know him, for I have been his shadow for these many months. It has been my life's work to dog his footsteps. Yes, a spy; why not? I would have done worse things than that to gain my end."

"And what was that?"

"To find him false to you."

"There is no bond between this man and me, Richard, as I have told you long ago. He can break no faith who has not plighted vows."

"Then I suppose it is the starlight which makes you look so pale," answered the young man, bitterly; "it is the night air which chills your limbs and makes your voice tremble. Otherwise I should have almost thought you were afraid to listen to the tale of this man's guilt. If I had been loved like him—nay, though you loved me not, and only because I loved you, all woman have been nought to me for your sweet sake; no face, however fair, has striven within me for one moment for the mastery with the remembrance of yours; nay, if I have been base, as your cruel eyes told me awhile ago, it has been all for love of you. But this man, though freighted with all the treasure of your heart, is blown about with every whisper from a wanton's lips. I have seen him, side by side with a bold beauty, her plastic hand in his, murmuring—"

"What I do not wish to hear, sir," cried Agnes, haughtily. "You may speak truth or falsehood. But if you lie, you cannot be more vile than to have gleaned this shame and thought to have furthered your own aims by pouring it into my unwilling ears. I despise—I loathe you."

In the silence that followed close upon her angry words, she heard the handle of the chamber-door turn. The air, that had been flowing freely through the room throughout the interview, suddenly ceased, a third person, then, had either just entered or just quitted the apartment, closing the door behind him. She knew not who it was, but the consciousness of not being utterly alone inspired her with the courage that she was about to need.

"You despise, you loathe me, do you, while you persist in believing this man to be all that is chivalrous and noble? and you dare tell me that to my face."

"Yes, I dare."

"That is because you are angry, Agnes. A woman will say anything when her blood is up."

"Come here, to-morrow, Richard Crawford, and I will tell you the same."

"How beautiful she is," murmured the young man, tenderly. "The passion which mars most women's charms only heightens hers. She loathes me, and yet, ah Heaven, how I love her!—You will never be my wife, Agnes, that is certain?"

"Never, never."

"Then sure as Heaven is above us, no other man shall wed you. Look you here."

From his breast pocket he drew forth a sheathless knife and threw it on the table with a clang. The starlight shone upon the long and pointed blade, and glimmered on the stones that formed its handle.

"That is no steel for common uses, Agnes." This young girl had no fear of death, nor even of untimely death; but thus to die, stabbed by a kinsman, struck terror to her inmost heart. "Oh cousin, would you kill me?"

"Kill *you*?" returned the young man, with a bitter laugh; "you must have told me truth indeed, when you said awhile ago that you despised me. *I* hurt you? I would not harm one shining hair of that bright head, although such sacrilege should cause the Devil to forego his rights and so should win me Heaven. I only said no other man should wed you."

"No man is going to wed me, Richard."

"But there is one who would wed you, if he could, and whom you love. A man, says Mr. Carstairs, doomed to die early. And I say the same. You will never see him more, be sure of that."

"What, wretched boy, will you then be his assassin?"

"I shall stab him: yes. In two days, from this, or three at farthest, John Carlyon will be dead, and it will be your love that killed him."

* * * * * * * *

He was gone. Or, had he not been there at all, and was it a mere hideous dream? The sun was shining full on the window of the little drawing room, but she was cold and shivering. How long had she lain upon the floor, whereon she had found herself when she awoke! And did she wake from sleep or swoon? No sign of her late visitor was to be seen. Upon the little table lay her books and workbox, but the shining dagger was no longer among them. Had it never been there, or had it indeed been taken away in fulfillment of that horrible threat! The deep silence of the early morning smote her heart with fear: she dared not be alone, but seized and pulled the bell-rope. The little bell tinkling violently, just outside the door, roused the inmates of that pocket-dwelling as effectually as any alarm-bell tolled backwards from cathedral tower.

Mrs. Marcon, beheld for once without her widow's cap and weeds, hurried into the room.

"Lor, Miss Agnes, why what is the matter? How early you have got up, and how pale you are! I am sure you must be ill."

A moment after her entered dusky Cubra; her attire not presenting any very striking difference to that she wore in the day.

"Gorramighty bress us, Missie Agnes, what the matter?"

"There is somebody in the house. Some man."

"Robbers!" cried the widow, clasping her hands; "Heaven preserve us; this is what I always thought would come of being a lone woman!"

"No, not robbers," said Agnes, gravely, and casting a suspicious look at Cubra.

"Lovers!" exclaimed the widow, with a shudder of disapprobation and surprise. "Lor who'd a thought it with one of her color!"

Cubra did not deign to reply to this remark, whether she considered it as a compliment or an innuendo.

"Are you sure you locked both the doors last night, as usual, Mrs. Marcon?" inquired Agnes.

"Oh yes, miss, I am always particular about that; but it's very easy to see for yourself."

This suggestion that her lodger should satisfy her own eyes did away with the necessity of any solitary exploration upon the widow's part which she would probably not have undertaken, notwithstanding the broad daylight, for millions of money. Upon the other hand, she was exceedingly averse to be left alone in the drawing-room; so the three women accomplished the tour of the house together, the whole inspection—which was a very thorough one—occupying about as many minutes. It was impossible that even a mouse could hide itself in that diminutive dwelling, and indeed they found one in occupation of the kitchen. Both doors were securely fastened on the inside, as the widow maintained she had left them.

"I suppose I must have been mistaken," said Agnes, when the search was over; "I am very sorry to have disturbed you; but I certainly heard a noise."

"And got up and dressed yourself without calling us! That was very wrong, Miss Agnes. Now do go to bed again, and try and get some sleep."

They did not suspect then that she had been up all night: and there was no need to tell them. Alone in her little chamber, she strove to recall what had happened in the drawing-room. Every motion made, every sentence uttered, recurred to her with a distinctness, very unlike the remembrance of a dream. And yet how could Richard have possibly concealed himself in such a house, on the preceding evening, or how escaped through the locked doors? Her agitation was such that she could not bring herself even to lie down, but having disarranged the bed to give the idea that she had slept there, she once more passed into the drawing-room. Yes, in yonder corner he had stood in shadow, and then again by the table, where he had rested his hand upon that very volume. Strange and unaccountable as were his coming and going, she could not disbelieve the evidence of her senses. A sudden thought caused her to lift the sash, which the widow had closed and fastened, and lean out of window. Yes, it was as she suspected. Upon the little margin of flower plot that lay immediately beneath, between the window and the box-fringed gravel walk, there were two footmarks, with the toes turned towards the cottage. Her late visitor, stepping over her prostrate form, as she lay in a swoon, must have escaped by this means, letting himself drop—as he might very easily have done—from the window-sill. She had no further doubt about the reality of what had occurred; of the imminence of the peril that threatened John Carlyon; but it was necessary that others should have none. She felt convinced too that it was by Cubra's connivance that her cousin had obtained entrance to the cottage, or had been harbored within it, the preceding evening. It must have been she who had informed him of her growing intimacy with Mrs. Newman. Every moment was precious, yet unwilling to arouse the suspicion of her black attendant, Agnes waited until she heard the latter—who was a very early riser—leave her room and busy herself in the kitchen. Then she stole quietly into the vacated apartment, and opening the chest where Richard's marine apparel was stored, took out a pair of shoes, and placing them in her pocket, sought the garden. Kneeling upon the gravel walk she compared these carefully with the footmarks on the mould, and found them—making allowance for the fact that the latter were the impressions of high-heeled boots—to correspond exactly. Then hastily putting on bonnet and shawl, she let herself out at the garden gate, and after hesitating a moment at the turning that led to the Priory, passed on through the awakening village, and rang the bell at Mr. Carstairs' door.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE IDES OF JUNE.

If Mr. Carstairs' audacious prophecy regarding John Carlyon's lease of life is to prove true, it must do so within the next twenty-four hours, for after to-morrow he will have lived his year. In the meantime the doomed Squire feels physically as well as ever, though mentally much depressed. London life does not suit him: the pleasures of the town have long ago begun to pall.

His existence at Mellor had indeed been aimless enough, but it was at least natural, and plentifully sprinkled with kindly acts and words to those about him. He missed the homely honest faces which had always a grateful look in them when they met his. True, in London his hand was as ready to give, his heart to feel—and there is no place where the poor have greater need of help—but the charity which takes the form of subscription, although as advantageous as any personal aid to the recipient, has no such healthy effect upon the giver. He felt the bond between himself and his fellow-creatures loosening day by day, and with a sense of loss. And yet it seemed impossible for him to resume his old mode of life in the country, with its long periods of inaction, wherein his thoughts must needs revert to his lost love. He thought of her now, in spite of all distractions: how different she was from even the best of the fine ladies with whom he was acquainted; how superior to Edith Treherne, for instance, with her grand airs and shallow feelings. And what was it made her so? Agnes was beautiful, indeed, but he had seen faces quite as fair; her mind was not uncultivated; she had the accomplishments of her class; but he knew girls more intelligent and more talented than she was. What was it then that made her charm so magical? It was her goodness, without doubt. But how did she come by *that?*

Vicious persons are, as a rule, much better than they seem, just as Puritans are much worse; among even profligates there is benevolence, kindliness, and even occasional self-sacrifice. Amid the whirl of fashion (worse than what is called "the vortex of dissipation," because it may last for a life-time, which the latter rarely does,) there are sometimes little quiet eddies of well-doing. Its votaries not unfrequently do good by stealth, and would blush to the roots of their hair if they found it fame. But regarding the company he was now keeping in the most favorable light consistent with truth (and this he did,) Carlyon was obliged to confess that not only in extent and permanence, but in kind, the goodness of Agnes Crawford was of quite another sort than that of generous impulse. There was certainly something about it—supposing that the word really had a meaning—which one calls Divine. If it indeed was so, there was no wonder that Agnes could not, and did not love *him*. If she had done so, if she had but consented to bear with his spiritual deficiencies, and let him learn from her own lips the whole secret of her happiness—but she had not liked him enough for that; and he would have no other teacher.

He had, now and then, of late months—thinking "this would please her if she could know of it"—found himself in a church, and listened without much profit. He had been taken thither too by Edith Treherne, to hear her uncle the "snowy handed, delicate handed dilettante dean, intone," with more amusement to himself than advantage. Edith was going to be married, by-the-by, by that very dean in a few weeks, and to a most eligible suitor—a wealthy baronet of very ancient lineage, and who himself was upwards of seventy years of age. The match had been somewhat hastily arranged—the bridegroom feeling, perhaps, that he had not any time to lose—but the happy pair were "engaged," and the fashionable newspapers of the previous week had found themselves in a position to inform society of that fact. So far from this disturbing Carlyon, it rather pleased him. His conscience had somewhat pricked him as to the part he had played with that young lady, and he was glad that it had not ever so slightly interfered with her prospects. Now if he should hear that some one was about to marry Agnes Crawford, he felt that it would well nigh drive him mad. And yet, not only had there been no such tender "passages" between himself and her, as between him and Edith, but science had declared him to be a doomed man. The grave, and not the bridal bed, was waiting for him. His lease of life seemed likely, indeed, to be longer than was expected; but it must at all events be very short. "The shorter," thought he, with bitterness, "the better." He should be sorry to prove Carstairs a false prophet; the little man's reputation was dear to him, he knew, and he had pinned it upon this very point. It would be quite a pity to disappoint him, and *cui bono?* What vista stretched before him—though indeed but for a short distance—in case he should live on? A little more of this wearisome London life, so self-indulgent, yet so unsatisfying. No; he would at all events quit *that*. He would just stay in London twenty-four hours longer, in order to give Carstairs his chance, and then if he did not exchange his snug rooms at the Albany for some snugger chamber in Kensal Green, he would be off to the Continent. As though Black Care, which sat so immediately behind him upon Rod Berild in Rotten Row, would not be ready to cross the Channel, nay, to fly with him to the ends of the earth!

If Carlyon had been a younger man, it is probable he would not have succumbed to these melancholy reflections, as it is certain that he would have escaped from the fascination of a hopeless attachment; but as matters were, the companionship of his own thoughts was growing less and less tolerable. In society, on the other hand, he had got to be almost boisterously gay, and was voted by men (for he rather avoided drawing-rooms now) uncommon good company. When he left them, the life of the party was said to have departed from it; but it was only a galvanic sort of life, that expired with the artificial stimulus.

It was late even for roysterers; the hum of pleasure that succeeds the roar of commerce was quite hushed. The streets were

so silent that the slow-pacing policeman made stiller by his tread their quietude. The stars were shining brightly, although the moon was young. Far as the eye could reach the broad thoroughfare of Piccadilly was tenantless, as Carlyon moved leisurely along it homewards. His cigar was yet but half consumed—and it is curious, how men, no matter how extravagant, object to throw away a good cigar; it was doubtless on account of this economical habit, that he loitered, almost as the guardian of the night—whom he could hear coming up behind him, at a great distance—loitered and halted, shaking the area-gates and throwing his bull's eye into the keyholes of the doors. A cigar, with solitude and starlight, will make most men contemplative. Carlyon bethought him of the generations that had trodden that broad street before him, who had come and gone, finding even Piccadilly no continuing city; upon whom those eternal stars had looked down as they looked at him, so purely, so pitifully. And to what end? Were not the gas lamps equally useful, and much more to be relied on? As for beauty, the pyrotechnic display called gas-stars had in that respect clearly the advantage over the heavenly bodies. And yet there was surely something in the latter which the former could not boast of. Edith Treherne was a gas-star, but Agnes Crawford was just like one of these: as pure, as pitiful, and as far removed from him and men like him.

"Hullo, you, sir!"

This exclamation was drawn from him by the sudden stepping forth of a man from a narrow alley on his left, who placed himself directly in his way.

"There is room for you and me to pass one another in Piccadilly to-night," continued Carlyon, sternly, "without rubbing shoulders, and you had best take your own side of the pavement.—Oh! I beg pardon; I see, it is Mr. Richard Crawford."

There had been a tacit antagonism between these two men from the very first; but they had always been frigidly polite to one another. The recollection of what he owed to Carlyon had restrained any expression of the young man's antipathy, and the squire on his part never forgot that Richard was Agnes's kinsman, and one who was dear to her. But they each knew that they were rivals; and the one of them that the other had been successful where he himself had failed.

Carlyon would have held out his hand, perhaps, and said a few ordinary words of civility, but the look and manner of the other forbad that. His face, contrasting with the coal-black hair, was white as marble; his eyes burnt with the steady glow of hate; the iron steadiness of his arm, as it barred Carlyon's way, was a menace.

"It is late, I know, Mr. Carlyon," said Richard, hoarsely! "but I have waited for you here these four hours, and I must insist upon having speech with you."

"Insist, sir? However, we will not quarrel about a word. Your business must be urgent since it has put you to so great an inconvenience, although how you knew that I was about to pass this way to-night is beyond my guessing."

"I knew it, Mr. Carlyon, and much more. I have watched your every movement for these many months. In town and out of town, you have had a companion whom you little suspected."

"Indeed!" returned Carlyon, scornfully. "True, now I think of it, I remember that once or twice of late it has struck me that some fellow dogged my footsteps."

"It was I."

"Well," rejoined Carlyon, calling to mind something that Mr. Carstairs had written concerning this young man; "it is fortunate for you that you have said as much. A gentleman that stoops to play the spy is in the same category as one who, being wealthy, plays the thief. He is not the master of his own actions; and therefore—"

"Out of your charity he may escape the horsewhip," interrupted the young man, bitterly. "Thank you. I owe you my life, Mr. Carlyon, and you draw upon the bank of my gratitude without fear of its breaking, I perceive."

"Indeed, sir, I had forgotten the circumstance to which you allude," returned Carlyon, hotly; "and I beg you will forget it too. I wish to have no relations with you which are not of the most conventional sort. Pray release yourself from anything that may seem to link together you and me."

"I wish I could," replied the young man, sternly. "There is something else than the saving of my worthless life that set me on your track, and brings me here. You pretend to love my cousin Agnes."

"Silence, sir!" cried Carlyon, in a terrible voice. "Let me pass, I say."

"No. You may vapor as you please, but you shall hear me out. You told her, I say, that you were her lover, and she believed you. Nay, *I* believed you too until I came to know you. Till I found you with that girl—Edith Treherne—at Richmond, I thought you might have loved my cousin—not indeed as I love her, indeed as—but with an honest heart. I knew you were unworthy of her—who is not?—but I did not think to find you false to her. And yet how glad I was to find you so! If you had married that girl, I could have blessed you, deemed you the best friend that man ever had. But when I found her plighted to another, I hated you worse than ever, because I knew that Agnes would love you still."

"That Agnes would love me still!" repeated Carlyon, mechanically, but in low and gentle tones, like one in his sleep that dreams a pleasant dream. Then she did love him after all; for whose evidence could be so trustworthy as that of his rival? His anger was clean gone; he began to pity this unhappy youth who saw in him, it seems, a more favored suitor.

Richard marked the change in his countenance at once, and assigned it to the right cause. He had unwittingly been the means of giving this man hope in the very matter wherein he would have had him despair. Mortification, jealousy, hate, seized upon his soul together, and he was no longer himself. His fixed intention upon leaving Agnes two days before, had been (as he had told her) to kill Carlyon; but his better nature had in the meantime revolted at such an act of ingratitude, more perhaps than at the crime itself. All that he really wanted was to detach his rival's affection (the strength of which he greatly underrated) from its object. If he could do that, there would be some comfort for him, even although he could never call Agnes his own. The idea of any other man's possessing her was intolerable to him, and he was well aware that she really loved Carlyon. He had also hitherto imagined that Carlyon knew this, and it had been his purpose in seeking the present interview to work upon his rival's pride with the same weapon which he had used with so fatal an effect in the case of his uncle. He had meant to tell him that if he were to marry Agnes, he would wed the daughter of a disgraced and outcast man. If this should fail—well, he had persuaded himself that it would not fail. He had not dared to look the alternative that had suggested itself to him in the face; and although the sight of his rival had set his very brain on fire, he had until this moment intended to confine his arguments to words. But now that he found he had actually let Carlyon know for the first time that he was beloved, and the possible consequences of such a revelation flashed upon him, he forgot all his scruples.

"You need not smile, sir," cried he, passionately, "nor wear that look of triumph. If Agnes Crawford ever loved you, she does not do so now. She knows that you deceived her, played her false, and wooed another."

"What, did you tell her?" exclaimed Carlyon, seizing him by the collar.

"Yes, I told her all."

"Talebearer, coward, spy—"

The two men struggled together, each holding by the other's throat; Carlyon's giant strength had already made itself felt, when Richard drew from its hiding-place the long, keen knife, the sight of which had of late so terrified his cousin, and struck his antagonist two violent and rapid blows. Carlyon, with his hand to his heart, staggered and fell. Richard, transported with fury, would have thrown himself upon him, and stabbed him a hundred times; but the policeman, whose footsteps had been growing more and more distinct throughout the interview, now hastened up at the sound of their struggle, and the assassin, throwing the bloody steel upon the pavement, fled from him at utmost speed. The former having given the alarm, proceeded to attend to the wounded man. He was quite insensible, but the contents of his card-case showed he was within a very few doors of home, and as soon as assistance arrived, he was taken to his own lodgings.

"I doubt it's a bad job," observed the first policeman, to his fellow, as they emerged from the gates of the Albany; "them snug chambers will want a tenant before long."

"Ah! likely enough. Did he speak o'er a word when you first found him?"

"Yes, and a very queer thing it was he said—a pint to remember when the time comes, perhaps, though it's dark now. "*Carstairs was right*," said he, "*after all*."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sensible Remarks of an Indian Chief.

A Western correspondent of the *N. Y. Times* tells the following:—

Satanta—the redoubtable warrior who denounced Jesse H. Leavenworth, in his fiery speech at Fort Larned, May 1, in presence of Gen. Hancock—accompanied our party from Fort Larned south. During the journey to Medicine Lodge Creek several things transpired not very well calculated to augment good will, one of which was, though the Peace Commission had issued stringent orders that, as we were in the Indian country, "positively no firing of guns or pistols would be allowed," this order was utterly disregarded. To amateur hunters the sight of the buffalo proved too strong a temptation to resist, they recklessly shot down the buffalo, simply that they might boast of it. After cutting their tongues out they left the carcasses where they fell. The reader will readily perceive that when the Indians complain at every council of the decrease of the buffalo, such wanton waste of good meat could not be a pleasing sight to the greatest chief on the American plains. Satanta, never backward in speech, resented in strong terms the shooting of his game on his own ground. Said he, while his eyes flashed and his lips curled with scorn, "Has the white man become a child, that he should recklessly kill and not eat. When the red men slay game they do so that they may live, and not starve?" Sound logic! Only persons devoid of sense or honor could have been guilty of such conduct in the enemy's country, and especially when the Commissioners were endeavoring to conciliate them with presents, and reconcile them to the propositions about to be propounded. This expostulation of the Sachem produced the desired effect. No more shooting was allowed. Some persons in authority were placed under arrest by Gen. Harney.

How Sound is Produced.

Concerning the production and propagation of sound, Professor Tyndall says:—"Applying a flame to this small collodion balloon, which contains a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen, the gases explode, and every ear in the room is conscious of a shock, to which the name of sound is given. How was this shock transmitted from the balloon to your organs of hearing? Have our exploding gases shot the air particles against the auditory nerves, as a gun shoots a ball against a target? No doubt, in the neighborhood of the balloon, there is to some extent a propulsion of particles; but air shooting through air comes speedily to rest, and no particle of air from the vicinity of the balloon reached the ear of any person here present. The process was this: 'When the flame touched the mixed gases, they combined chemically, and their union was accompanied by the development of intense heat. The air, at this hot focus, expanded suddenly, forcing the surrounding air violently away on all sides. This motion of the air, close to the balloon, was rapidly imparted to that a little further off, the air first set in motion coming at the same time to rest. Thus each shell of air—if I may use the term—surrounding the balloon, took up the motion of the shell next preceding, and transmitted it to the next succeeding shell, the motion being thus propagated as a *pulse* or wave through the air.'"

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVE'R 9, 1867.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

ONE VIEW OF WAR.

At the recent meeting of that extraordinary body, the Genevan Peace Congress—of which that great advocate and promoter of Peace, Garibaldi, was the principal member—a lady named Madame Stayr, but whose literary name is "Fanny Lewald," is said to have astonished the congregated wisdom, present, by the presentation of the following thesis:—

"1. To decide a difference by the fists or by the stick is by common consent an unworthy and ignoble proceeding.

"2. That which is unworthy and ignoble for one man must be unworthy and ignoble for a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand, or a hundred thousand.

"3. If it be admitted that it is unworthy and ignoble to decide one's own quarrels by pugilism, it must be worse to fight under the orders of a third party, and for his benefit, and to kill men who never did you any harm.

"4. Two men who fight in the street are blamed by all reasonable and civilized people, and it never occurs to anybody to glorify the conqueror.

"5. Why should we glorify the conqueror in a combat fought by hundreds of thousands of men for an object which, if attained, is scarcely ever of any advantage to them?

"6. When two men come to blows in the street, it never comes into their head to invoke the aid of the Deity or to suppose that God takes a special interest in the issue of their fight. The same may be said of a fight of ten men on a side.

"7. If two men who fight dared to talk of the God of pugilists, and call on him to help them in their unreasonable and disgraceful scuffle, they would justly be set down as fools and blasphemers.

"8. And in like manner ten or twenty men who should fight in the street and appeal to the God of pugilism, would be called fools and blasphemers.

"9. What then is the exact number of combatants requisite to justify the invocation to take a side in the fight of that God whom you call the God of love?

"10. Do you really believe that the number and quantity can make any impression upon God,—upon a being whose essence is infinite? Do you not therefore think that to talk of a God of battles is just as blasphemous as to talk of a God of pugilists?"

The reading of the above set of articles, we are informed, was "greeted with applause," and "Fanny Lewald's" astonishing production is further said to have been "the greatest success" of the Congress—which assertion we consider very probable, though by no means very flattering to the body of which she was a member.

"Fanny Lewald," it will be seen, argues that as a fight with the fists, sticks, or more potent weapons, between two men, is "by common consent an unworthy and ignoble proceeding," therefore a similar combat between two armies must be necessarily the same. The argument would be very good, if the premise was good; but instead of being true, it is false. "To decide a difference by the fists or by the stick" may be, or may not be, "an unworthy and ignoble proceeding." Abstractly it is neither noble nor ignoble—all depends upon the peculiar circumstances of the case.

We could put scores of cases that are constantly occurring, to illustrate how such a combat between two persons, may be on the part of one of them as manly and noble as it would be unmanly and ignoble for him to decline it.

Suppose a man is journeying through a thinly-settled district, and hears the cries of a woman for help from an adjacent farm-house. He rushes in, and finds that the good-woman of the house, in the absence of her husband, has been attacked by some villain, intent on robbery, or worse deed. Is he, when he throws himself upon the miscreant, using his fists or stick, engaged "by common consent, in an unworthy and ignoble proceeding?" And if the struggle should be doubtful and protracted, would it be at all unreasonable for the woman whose safety depended upon the result, to invoke the aid of the Deity in behalf of her champion?

Why, how often does it happen that a man is himself attacked by thieves and robbers;—and who ever supposed that the resistance of such attacks with fists, sticks, or revolvers, was "by common consent an unworthy and ignoble proceeding?"

If "Fanny Lewald" simply meant that to fight without any necessity, and for the mere love of fighting—or to appeal to physical means of redress in cases where the appeal should be made to the law, or to reason and conscience,—was by the common consent of all civilized people, "an unworthy and ignoble proceeding," she merely uttered a truism, which there was no occasion to honor with any special applause. The great difficulty is to bring men to live up to that which they generally acknowledge to be right.

No one, we think, will go further than we will, in the support of all measures that really conduce to Peace, as respects individuals as well as nations. In fact, we are often amused to find how those who consider themselves the peculiar advocates of Peace, and would almost scout our pretensions to be a "Peace man" at all, are in practical questions continually supporting measures which we think calculated to promote unnecessary strife, ill feeling, and even bloodshed. In Europe, as it appears to us, at the present time, the course of Garibaldi and the "party of action," is calculated not only to cause unnecessary bloodshed in Italy, but to endanger the peace of Europe, at the same time that it sets a solemn pledge at naught, and in all probability delays the very end that the movement is designed to secure. And yet probably if we had been a member of the Genevan Congress, and found an opportunity to express our sentiments, we should have quite shocked that distinguished and radical body, by the conservative character of our opinions in relation to the great cause of Peace and Human Brotherhood. The course that pleases such political enthusiasts is of a very different character—it is to utter such nonsense as that which we have quoted from "Fanny Lewald," and then rush with frantic enthusiasm to give the aid of fists, sticks and guns to Garibaldi and his red-shirted volunteers.

HALLOWEEN.

Every one has heard of Halloween,—the gala night of the fairies, when the air is full of all kinds of spiteful little elves, and witches and hobgoblins are frisking around in great numbers, bent on their errands of mischief and wickedness.

Possibly we might interfere with some of the amusements of the "little people," and so incur their displeasure, were we to celebrate our Halloween out of doors; so let us go into the bright, pleasant sitting room, and join with our friends in keeping some of the ceremonies of this prophetic night after our own fashion.

"Bobbing for apples" is the first thing in the evening's programme; and a tub of water having been brought, in which are placed about a dozen fine mellow apples, it is soon surrounded with a merry party busily engaged in trying to get the apples out of the water with their mouths.

The smaller children have the first trials, and soon an adventurous little youngster is bending over the side of the tub, and the bobbing begins. Up and down, up and down, goes the little head,—very slowly and carefully at first. You cannot see what is going on, but you can guess from the motions that Master Charlie is trying to get his teeth into the apple and is not succeeding very well. At last, out of patience with the provoking thing, which bobs under at the least pressure, he attempts to seize it by a sudden push, or rather dive; so down into the water he ducks, coming up in a condition slightly resembling that of Old Neptune emerging from the sea, while the saucy apple dances lightly around on the top of the water, and seems to be laughing at the discomfited child. Towels have been prepared for any emergency however, and the little fellow is soon wiped dry, none the worse for his ducking.

Every one, from the youngest to the oldest, must make the trial, and some of the party, being used to the sport, take the apple quite nimbly, while others, on the contrary, having failed again and again, are obliged to give up the attempt in despair. A few of the more persevering ones, however, try five or six times, and get several good duckings before they succeed in accomplishing the feat; but when at last the wayward apple is captured, it is eaten with all the gusto that such a well-earned morsel deserves.

The bobbing being finished, three bowls are now placed on the side table, one containing clean water, another dirty, and the third being left empty. The young lady who wishes to discover her destiny with regard to marriage, is now led up blindfolded and told to put her left hand into one of the bowls. If she dips it in the first, a young man will be her future husband; if in the second a widower; while if the empty bowl is the one chosen, she is fated to pass through life unmarried. If the anxious inquirer is a young gentleman, his three different chances will be, of course, to wed a young lady, a widow, or to remain a bachelor.

This method of tempting the fates generally causes a great deal of merriment among the young people; and luckily we did not happen to have in our party any crusty old bachelor, like Burns's

> Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
> Sin Mar's year did desire,
> Because he got the toom dish thrice,
> He heaved them on the fire
> In wrath that night.

Now comes the crowning ceremony of the evening. A paper bag filled with candies, nuts, &c., is suspended from the ceiling, and each person in his turn being blindfolded and led off some distance from where the bag is hanging, is then told to march up and strike it with a stick. Some very laughable attempts are generally made, but when at last the bag is hit, and the candies come tumbling out, such a scrambling as takes place among the young folks is very rarely witnessed. The sugar-plums, however, are quickly gathered from the floor by their nimble fingers, and, having finished our games, it is decided to adjourn to the parlor, where the company were soon tripping it so merrily on the "light, fantastic toe," that even the little elves outside might have condescended to join in our frolic, had they obtained a glimpse of us through the window.

We finished our Halloween entertainments at a reasonable hour, but I suppose those gleeful little people, the fairies, kept up their festivities all through the autumn night, till the first streaks of light in the east warned them that Halloween was over, and the rising sun would soon usher in All Saints Day.

RUNNING FOR OFFICE.

A gentleman who has been through the political mill in New York city—and a very rough and dirty mill that is too—gives his experiences in one of the New York papers. He tells how he was nominated without any will of his own, then pestered with all sorts of applications for money, and finally defeated, not at all to his regret, as he ran as well as the rest of his ticket. He concludes as follows:—

"I had been badgered to my full satisfaction. A few days afterward one of my associates informed me that I had been cheated out of several thousand votes by the canvassers, and that our entire county ticket had been lost through fraud. He asked me to attend a meeting of the candidates for the purpose of agreeing upon measures to test the election by a suit. Having no inclination, however, to be elected by a court after having been defeated by the people, or to incur further expense, I declined to co-operate. I never scrutinized the returns of the election, except to ascertain that I had run as well as my associates. I do not know the plurality which my successful competitor received, or my own aggregate vote. Having suffered my name to be used without hope of an election, it was enough to accomplish the purpose of the nomination; but as a luxury, I would not seek a like experience, even with an election sure. The plagues of Egypt do not compare with the vermin that infest a candidate.

"My experiences were not all of them unpleasant. There were choice men in my party. During the canvass they extended to me their heartiest sympathy. Whenever I attended the meetings of my political friends, I was always cordially received. They voted for me faithfully, and ever since have never bated in their cordiality. They gave the cloud its silver lining.

"If I was to draw a moral to my tale, it would be substantially as follows: A man should never enter the canvass for an elective office except he is reconciled to the contingencies of defeat. The anguish of disappointment is terribly exhausting to vitality. When in the field, it is due to those who nominated him to make every reasonable effort to secure an election. But outlays of money for specific advantage, gifts to "strikers," promises to be fulfilled in the event of an election, and other acts of ingratiation, are worse than useless, and no man of proper self-respect will make them. Such is the lesson which I have learned from being a candidate.

"There was a certain man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and falling among thieves, they stripped and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half-dead."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS IN EGYPT.—Harem Life in Egypt and Constantinople. By EMELINE LOTT, late Governess to his Highness the Grand Pacha Ibrahim, son of the Viceroy of Egypt, and authoress of "Nights in the Harem." Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. The author says in her preface:—"It was reserved to an humble individual like myself, in my official capacity as Governess to the infant son of the Viceroy of Egypt, to become the unheard-of instance in the annals of the Turkish Empire, of residing within those *foci* of intrigue, the Imperial and Viceregal Harems of Turkey and Egypt; and thus an opportunity has been afforded me of Asmodeuslike, uplifting that impenetrable veil, to accomplish which had hitherto baffled all the exertions of Eastern travellers. It has been my aim to give a concise yet impartial and sympathetic account of the daily life of the far-famed Odalisques of the nineteenth century—those mysterious impersonifications of Eastern loveliness. With what success I have achieved this difficult task is left to the judgment of the public to determine."

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF DAVID COPPERFIELD. By CHARLES DICKENS. People's Edition. With Illustrations by H. K. BROWNE. We must always consider "David Copperfield" one of the most admirable of Mr. Dickens's novels. As it seems to have touched the author more than usual in the writing of it, so we think it touches the reader more in the reading. It is almost difficult sometimes to avoid thinking that Mr. Dickens has put some of his own private experiences into the history of David Copperfield. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada. Price $1.50 in cloth.

SHAMROCK AND THISTLE; OR, YOUNG AMERICA IN IRELAND AND SCOTLAND. A Story of Travel and Adventure. By OLIVER OPTIC. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

BREAKING AWAY; OR, THE FORTUNES OF A STUDENT. By OLIVER OPTIC. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

CONFUCIUS AND THE CHINESE CLASSICS: OR, READINGS IN CHINESE LITERATURE. Edited and compiled by the Rev. A. W. LOOMIS. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco and New York. If this volume was stereotyped and printed in San Francisco, as we suppose, it is a credit to the golden state, for it is about as admirably got up in all respects as a book need be. The contents are well worthy of a careful perusal. Persons generally probably have a very erroneous idea as to the mental and moral darkness of the ancient era of the world. Confucius, who is supposed to have lived about 500 years before Christ, taught as follows, for instance:—

"Tsze-Kung asked, saying, 'Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?' The Master said, 'Is not RECIPROCITY such a word? *What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others.*'"

Again—Confucius said:—"The mind of the superior man is conversant with righteousness; the mind of the mean man is conversant with gain."

"The firm, the enduring, the simple, and the modest, are near to virtue."

"The superior man *in everything* considers righteousness to be essential. He performs it according to the rules of propriety. He brings it forth in humility. He completes it with sincerity. This is indeed a superior man."

The work is also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

THE SICK DOLL AND OTHER STORIES. For Youngest Readers. With 100 Illustrations. Published by John L. Storey, 13 Washington street, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila. A very nice book for the youngest olive branches.

BALZAC'S HOUSE.—A recent memoir of Balzac, the French novelist, says:—"He began to build a villa, a l'Italienne, hired a lot of workmen, and himself in person superintended the works. He was a very obstinate, tyrannical overseer, and he soon convinced the workpeople that the only thing for them to do was to give up offering advice, and quietly execute his orders.

"They did so implicitly, and the whole building was completed, when Balzac suddenly received a deputation of the boldest among them. The spokesman apologized for the intrusion, but the building was completed, and they were anxious to know *where they should make the staircase*. Balzac had entirely forgotten that item, and found that the only disadvantage to his villa was that there was no access to the up-stair rooms. Still, he was equal to the emergency, and after a moment's reflection he replied, 'It appears the staircase wishes to master me, I will therefore put it out of the house,' and he executed his threat by having it erected outside."

☞ If you trade with a Yankee, steal his jack-knife fust; for if he gets tew whittling, yu are gone.—*Josh Billings.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Political News.

GEORGIA.—E. Hulbert, Superintendent of Registration in Georgia, recently issued the following circular:—"A report is being circulated by the enemies of reconstruction, that registered voters cannot vote at the election for a Convention, to be held on the 20th, 30th and 31st days of this month, until they had paid their taxes. The report is false. Voters are not required to pay their taxes before voting."

Accompanying this another circular is sent, to the following effect:—

"You will use every effort to correct the false impression made by the report referred to in the inclosed circular. Distribute the circulars as rapidly as possible. Work sharp, quick. Report to these headquarters the names of persons who are designedly engaged in this trick to deceive the people and defeat reconstruction."

The anti-reconstruction papers complain in earnest terms of this action on the part of Mr. Hulbert.

VIRGINIA.—Official returns from 65 counties in Virginia show that 70,777 votes were cast for a Convention, and 44,950 against it. Of the delegates, 30 are Conservative and 60 Radical, 18 of the latter being negroes.

A protest has been filed with Gen. Schofield, by John H. Gilmer, against the counting of votes recorded in Richmond after sunset on Wednesday. It is asserted that such votes are illegal.

Two prominent citizens of Richmond, Virginia, who had strenuously opposed the Radical party and discharged colored employes for voting the Radical ticket, have been ordered to leave the city by a colored vigilance committee.

General Schofield, in an official report, explains the apportionment of Delegates to the Convention. The apportionment actually made, gives 47 delegates from election districts having white majorities, and 56 from districts having colored majorities.

OHIO.—The official return of the vote on the negro suffrage amendment is as follows: The total number of votes cast is 484,603. For the amendment 216,987; against the amendment 255,340; being a majority against of 38,353. The remaining 12,276 were blanks. The votes in blank (the N. Y. Tribune says) are "counted as negative."

CALIFORNIA.—The Democratic majority is reported between three and four thousand. The vote was light.

DAKOTA.—The Dakota territorial election, which was held on October 8th, was decided in favor of the Republicans, who elected a majority of the Territorial Legislature. Last year the Democrats carried the Territorial Legislature. Dakota elects two Delegates to Congress, as the people about Fort Laramie want a new Territorial Government for themselves, to be called the Territory of Laramie, or Wyoming, or Cheyenne, all of which names are suggested.

WEST VIRGINIA.—The Wheeling Intelligencer estimates that the West Virginia Senate will stand 20 Republicans to 2 Democrats, and the House, 44 Republicans to 11 Democrats—about the same as last year.

GEORGIA.—The voting is nearly altogether in favor of the Convention. Very few whites have voted.

ALABAMA.—The Alabama Constitutional Convention, which is to reconstruct the state, meets at Montgomery. It consists of 93 Radicals, (13 being negroes,) and 2 Conservatives.

NEBRASKA.—The returns of the local elections show increased majorities for the Republicans. The Omaha Nebraskian claims that in two counties they have gained 258 votes since last year.

Foreign Intelligence.

ITALY.—After an obstinate battle at MonteRotondo, the Papal troops were defeated by the Garibaldians, who are represented by the latest despatches to be now at Monte Mario, about two miles from Rome. Their force is stated at from ten to twelve thousand strong.

Great excitement prevails in Rome, and the Pope, dreading an attack, has retired from the Vatican to the Castle of St. Angelo.

Large bodies of troops are concentrating at Toulon.

The Pope has issued an encylical letter to the faithful, in which he depicts the dangers which surround him, and pathetically deplores the perils menacing the temporal power and independence of the Holy See.

The semi-official journals of Paris say the advance of the Italian troops into the Papal provinces was ordered by the Italian government without the consent of France, and this action, they declare, has brought about a crisis in the relations between the two countries dangerous to peace. It is authoritatively stated that no treaty of alliance has been concluded between the Emperors Napoleon and Francis Joseph, but that the *entente cordiale* established between France and Austria is complete.

M. Moustier has issued a note justifying the expedition, stating that Italy had failed to protect the Pope, and the honor and opinion of mankind compel the French government to this course. When the rebellion is crushed, France will retire and ask a conference with the Powers.

The French troops arrived in Rome and took possession on the 1st. They were received by the people in silence. At the last accounts Garibaldi remained at Mount Rotondo with a force estimated at five thousand strong.

The Moniteur says that the Emperor Napoleon has demanded of King Victor Emmanuel an explanation of the invasion of the Roman territory by the Italian forces.

IRELAND.—Two policemen were shot in Dublin on Wednesday night. A reward of £1,000 is offered for the assassins. Great excitement prevails in the Irish Capital.

THE WEST INDIES.—San Domingo has declared war against Hayti, on account of the sympathy and assistance given by the Haytiens to ex-President Baez. Baez was at Caracccas, where he was planning an attempt to return to San Domingo. President Cabral and General Pessen were on the Haytien frontier, with an army of 4,000 men.

☞ Many a true heart that would have come back like the dove to the ark, after the first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace, the taunt, the savage charity of an unforgiving soul.

Reduction in Prices.

The tendency of the markets is toward lower prices, and it is by no means certain that the lowest point has yet been reached. In many articles of prime necessity the reduction has been very important. Some idea of the depression may be obtained by a comparison of the rates on the following articles on Saturday last, and for the corresponding day in last year:

	1866.	1867.
Cotton, middling, per lb	41 c.	18 c.
Cotton, New Orleans	42 c.	20 c.
Coffee, Rio, per lb	27 c.	21@25 c.
Flour, extra family, per bbl.	$12.00	8.75
Wheat, red, per bush.	$2.50@2.15	$2.40@2.75
Mess pork, prime, per bbl.	$21	$24.50@25
Hams, per lb	21@25 c.	20@22 c.
Coal, red ash, per ton	$5.75	$4.25@4.50
Coal, white ash	5.25	3.90@4.00
Coal, Locust Mountain	4.50	$4.00
Coal, Lehigh	6.10	5.00
Wool, fine, per lb	60@65 c.	50@ 55 c.
Wool, medium	50@53 c.	30@ 40 c.
Bleached sheetings and shirtings, per yard	18@22 c.	8@14½c.
Checks, per yard	18@40 c.	18@26½c.
Denims, per yard	20@30 c.	11@20 c.
Prints, Merrimacks, per yard	22½c.	12½@18 c.
Prints, Spragues, per yard	20 c.	12½c.
Prints, Empire state, per yard	18 c.	7 c.
Ginghams, Lancaster, per yard	27½c.	18@17½c.
Ginghams, Glasgow, per yard	26 c.	15 c.
Ginghams, Berkshire, per yard	24½c.	17½c.

In addition to the articles which form the principal items of the ordinary market reports, there are numerous others which have felt the influence. It can easily be seen, by a contrast of the present prices of cotton and wool with those of last year, that the necessary consequence has been that there has been a very sensible decline in the prices of dry goods, cloths and woolens. It has not been as great, however, as the difference in the prices of the raw material would seem to indicate. Cotton goods, for instance, cannot be bought now at one-half the prices of last year, because the wages of labor are high. The same may be said in regard to woolens; but it is a fact that the decrease of the value in raw materials has had a very important effect upon manufactured articles, and in that fact may be found the reason of the difficulties among dealers who, unfortunately, have had large stocks on hand. Even where the disposition is indulged to hold on in the hope of realizing what has been paid, the effects of competition by new purchases, at reduced prices, among dealers who have means, must operate seriously upon the interests of those who have old stocks on hand. —*Philada. Inquirer.*

COMING DOWN.

A throng of youth and beauty glide
Amid the festive scene,
The dancers close, and side by side
Upon each other lean.
But one fair maid, the queen of all,
Hath on her brow a frown,
She feels her pride will have a fall,
Her—back hair's coming down.

☞ It is stated that thirteen per cent. of the mud of the London streets is abraded iron.

☞ A German in Chicago married a Norwegian bride on Friday. He knows no word of the dialect of his wife, and she knows nothing of the dialect of her husband. There's a chance for peace in the family for a while anyhow.

☞ Green, the Connecticut wife poisoner, recently attempted suicide by swallowing a bandana handkerchief. The attempt was discovered in time, and the handkerchief rescued before it was quite swallowed.

☞ The London Times quotes the following advertisement from a New York paper: "To Piano-Forte Makers.—A lady, keeping a first-class school, requiring a good piano, is desirous of receiving a daughter of the above in exchange for the same."

☞ Ex-Governor John A. Andrews, of Massachusetts, died suddenly last week.

☞ It was the remark of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, the Lecturer on Roman History, that after the age of forty men did not become so anxious that the people should have more liberty as that they should be prepared for more, since no people properly prepared for freedom can be long enslaved.

☞ A German, living near Racine, Wisconsin, killed himself, a few days since, by applying kerosene oil to an ulcer on his hand. Great swelling and pain ensued, followed by death in two days.

☞ The Bishop of Oxford has created a sensation, by permitting Sunday-school children to play in the fields after service on the Sabbath.

☞ A young Englishman of wealth and culture recently fell in love with a squaw in Omaha, Kansas, and married her. The next day she got drunk and turned somersaults in the streets. John Bull is at a loss what to do under the circumstances.

☞ Governor Geary has issued his proclamation designating Thursday, the 28th instant, as a day of Thanksgiving in Pennsylvania.

☞ Mr. Charles Dickens is expected to arrive at Boston this week on the steamer Cuba. He will begin his readings in that city, and intends to limit them to four a week. After giving four readings in Boston, he will go to New York, where he opens on December 9th, and in January he expects to visit Philadelphia. He will give about forty readings in this country, and expects to return to England next May.

☞ FOR WEAK THROATS.—Rev. B. J. Bettelheim, M. D., now of Cayuga, Ill., says: "As an M. D., I can tell all those who have much preaching to do—especially when service follows hard after service—to try the use of raw yolks swallowed fresh as they come out of the white. A little practice will teach easily to separate yolk and white, leaving the former in one-half of the eggshell from which it is sipped in best. I preached in London, England, thrice every Sabbath (and often four times) for three years and upwards, using often a dozen of yolks in the same day, and my voice felt as fresh in the evening as in the morning, and often clearer and stronger."

☞ The Peruvian women ride on the hind-quarters of their horses, without a saddle, cross-legged, with the load on the horse in front. They mount the animal by taking hold of his tail, making a loop by doubling it up, and clasping with one hand the upper and lower parts of the tail, then putting one foot on the joint of the horse's leg, they ascend as if going up stairs. They usually stand erect on the horse before sitting down. The horses never kick or stir whilst this curious process is going on.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelets for next year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RUBY. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.

FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "June Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums (*in all respects*) as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 15 cts.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

An Antidote for Poisons.

We do not know where the following originated, or how much truth there is in it, but as the antidote is entirely harmless, and may prove useful in some cases, we give it a place:

A plain farmer says: "It is now over twenty years since I learned that sweet oil would cure the bite of a rattlesnake, not knowing that it would cure any other kind of poison. Practice, observation and experience have taught me that it will cure poison of any kind, both on man and beast. I think no farmer should be without a bottle of it in his house. The patient must take a spoonful of it internally and bathe the wound for a cure. To cure a horse requires eight times as much as it does a man. Here let me say of one of the most extreme cases of snake-bite in this neighborhood:—Eleven years ago this summer, where the case had been thirty days standing, and the patient had been given up by the physician, I heard of it, carried the oil, gave him one spoonful, which effected a cure. It is an antidote for arsenic and strychnine. It will cure bloat in cattle caused by eating too freely of fresh clover; it will cure sting of bees, spiders or other insects; and will also cure persons who have been poisoned by a low running vine growing in the meadows, called ivy."

THE RIGHT PERSUASION.—In terrible agony, a soldier lay dying in the hospital. A visitor asked him,—

"What church are you of?"

"Of the church of Christ," he replied.

"I mean of what persuasion are you?" then inquired the visitor.

"Persuasion!" said the dying man, as his eyes looked heavenward, beaming with love to the Saviour: "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities or powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor heighth nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus."

MRS. BEECHER STOWE'S RESIDENCE IN FLORIDA.—Mrs. Stowe's home, in Florida, is at Mandarin, on the St. John's river, about fifteen miles south of Jacksonville, and comprises a good dwelling house and four hundred acres of land, with half a mile of river front, and a sweet orange grove of one hundred bearing trees, with an annual production of sixty thousand oranges, also numerous young trees. The annual crop of oranges is worth $1,800, and the price paid for the place was $10,000, or twenty-five dollars an acre.—*East Florida Banner.*

☞ One of the religious papers out West is advertising as a great *card*, "a series of articles containing *the marrow of Henry Ward Beecher's prayers!*" This sounds rather irreverend to some of "the worlds" people.

☞ Rabbi Joshua once met a boy who carried something in a covered vessel. "My boy," said the Rabbi, "what have you in your covered vessel?" "If it was intended for you to know," replied the boy, "it would not be covered."

☞ A HINT FOR THE PULPIT.—John Bright, who, when he speaks, usually writes out on a card three or four branches of his subject, and walks about the room for a little while fitting them to their proper order, says: "There is one thing I always prepare, and that is the end of my speech. Before I get up to speak I always know how I am going to leave off, and that is half the art. Many a decent speaker has spoken well for a time, but cannot while speaking hit upon a few good sentences with which to stop, and at last makes a mess of it, and leaves an unfavorable impression."

☞ There's our grandmother, says a contemporary, a striking instance why women should vote. She's paid taxes on a dog for the last ten years, and now declares she won't stand it any longer—she'll either vote or kill the dog!

A Bachelor Rip Van Winkle, who Slept Forty-nine Years Because She Wouldn't Have Him.

On a recent occasion were consigned to their final resting-place, in the churchyard of Keighley, in England, the remains of one of the most eccentric individuals that ever lived. In fact, a parallel seems scarcely possible of a man voluntarily going to bed and remaining there for a period of forty-nine years! The subject of the following remarks, who went by the cognomen of "Old Threelaps," but whose real name was William Sharp, lived at a place called Worlds, not far from Braithwaite, in the parish of Keighley. He was the son of a small farmer, and from an early age never showed much inclination to steady work. For a while he followed the trade of a weaver, but more frequently neglected his loom to range the neighboring moors with his gun, often spending whole nights in the open air. When thirty years of age he took to his bed and the room, which he never left till carried thence on the day of his funeral. The cause of this extraordinary conduct, owing to his great age and the very few of his own standing who survive him retaining no more than slight recollection of the events of that period, is difficult to ascertain with any degree of certainty. But the principal reason seems to be a matrimonial disappointment. The wedding day was fixed. This singular character, then a young and doubtless ardent lover, accompanied by a friend, wended his way down to the parish church, and there patiently awaited the arrival of the bride elect. But the bride never came. The father of the damsel sternly and steadily refused his consent.

This, combined, it may have been, with other grievances, imaginary and real, preyed heavily on a mind certainly not endowed with more than average intellect, and bearing unmistakable traces of hereditary singularity; and the result was that the young man consigned himself to a small room, measuring about nine feet in every direction, with the determination of spending the remainder of his existence between the blankets, which resolution he kept most unflinchingly. The floor of his room was covered with stone flags, certainly not too dry; in one corner was a fireplace, which only could be used when the wind blew from one or two points of the compass; the window was permanently fastened, and where some of the squares had been broken was carefully patched with wood. At the time of his death, this window had never been opened for thirty-eight years! The sole furniture comprised an antique clock, minus weight and pendulum, the hands and face of which were covered with a thick network of cobwebs, a small round table of dark oak, and a plain unvarnished four-post bedstead, entirely without hangings. In this dreary cell, whose only inlet for fresh air during thirty-eight years, was the door occasionally left open, did this strange being immure himself. He obstinately refused to speak to any one, and, if spoke to, never answered his attendants. In fact, all trace of intellectual development seemed to have become either dormant or extinct, and the only faculties which remained in active exercise were those which man holds in common with the animal.

Napoleon's Work Cabinet.

It is a curious fact that Napoleon III. has preserved all the furniture used by him during his exile, and that the *cabinet du travail* of the Emperor at the Tuileries is a small room with a single window, containing a shabby book-case without glass doors, on the shelves of which may be seen the old books which Prince Napoleon carried about with him wherever he went. Between this and another book-case are some meerschaum pipes, the companions of other days, unused now, by order of Dr. Conneau, who strictly forbids smoking in any form. The second book-case is of mahogany, handsome, but very plain, ornamented with brass mouldings. A few valuable pictures and two or three portraits cover the rest of the walls. The Imperial bureau occupies the centre of this small room, and is laden with portfolios, books of reference, maps, &c. An arm-chair of the "style empire" is placed opposite, and three other chairs complete the furniture of the apartment where is woven the intricate threads of diplomacy which spread like a net-work over the whole of Europe. His Majesty wears an old paletot during his hours of work that his Ministers would utterly disdain. Their *cabinets du travail*, be it remarked, are furnished with the utmost magnificence.

☞ Joseph Cloud, of East Nantmeal, says he raised a pumpkin vine 780 feet long, which bore 348 lbs. of pumpkins, the largest of which weighed 60 lbs.

☞ There are 8,008 Indians in Michigan, mixed bloods included. Division of sexes—3,823 males, 4,185 females. These Indians have organized into 70 distinct bands, each with its chief, and inhabit 170 frame and 821 log houses. They have erected over 2,000 homesteads. The value of their personal property is placed at $876,500, and they cultivate 10,772 acres of land.

☞ Ristori was a gypsy. Her father and mother belonged to a wandering company. She first appeared on the stage at two months old, in a basket of flowers. So says the Washington Express.

☞ How sweet is forbidden fruit! It is reported that until lately it has been the law in Brussels that wine-shops should close at one o'clock in the morning, and there were many violations of the law. Recently the law was repealed, and the shops, one and all, have been closing at midnight.

☞ The Rev. Newman Hall, it is said, preached four times in New York Sunday week before crowded audiences of four different denominations: first to the Presbyterians, next to the Reformed Dutch, then to the Congregationalists, and finally to the Episcopalians. The New York Post considers this unprecedented.

☞ The sorghum crop of 1867 is said to be a failure, when compared with the yield of former years. From most of the cane-growing regions of the West the reports upon the condition of the crop are gloomy. Excepting a few favored localities, heavy rains have prevented the canes from maturing in season to escape the frost.

☞ Any person in Philadelphia, who gets upon a railway car while it is in motion, is liable to a fine of $5.

☞ A gentleman residing near Huntsville, Ohio, sold from his farm a few days ago, a single-curled black walnut tree to a Boston dealer for $500. The tree was not a very large one. The purchaser, after the tree had been felled, and its true value ascertained, remarked that he would not take $2,000 for it.

☞ To people who are afraid they can never use good language, the advice is given to use the best language in common conversation at home, and they will soon acquire the habit of using it on all occasions.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Read the following remarkable cure:

PHILADELPHIA, June 28, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1862. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits in a day, at about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, so that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence, 526 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WM. ELDER.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $2; two, $3; twelve, $27. jy6-cow10t

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-cow-tf

F. F. F.

$8.00 for 50 Cents.

THREE NEW THINGS,

The greatest living curiosity of the age. Agents wanted. Circulars sent free. Samples for trial. Address M. L. BYRN, Box 4069 P. O, New York City. Office 82 Cedar street. oct26-4t

HONESTY is the best policy in medicine as well as in other things. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is a genuine preparation of that unequalled spring medicine and blood purifier, decidedly superior to the poor imitations heretofore in the market. Trial proves it. nov2-9t

NEURALGIA, NERVE ACHE, and all other nervous complaints succumb to the powerful influence of DR. TURNER'S TIC-DOULOUREUX OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. The most obstinate cases are cured, and the system relieved by this valuable remedial agent. Apothecaries have this medicine.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—The blood is the very essence of health and life. It furnishes the components of flesh, bone, muscle, nerve and integument. The stomach is the apparatus—the arteries the distributors and the intestines the channels by which the waste matter is carried off. Upon the stomach and bowels, these medicines act simultaneously.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of Oct., by the Rev. H. M. Bickel, EDWARD B. MEARS, Jr., to CLARA, eldest daughter of August Kolmer, Esq., both of this city.

On the 27th of Oct., by the Rev. Andrew Manship, Mr. GEORGE PROVAND to Miss RACHEL E. NEWGENT, both of this city.

On the 17th of Oct., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. HENRY C. SHOEMAKER to Miss MARY A. HOOPER, daughter of Mr. John Hooper, both of this city.

On the 24th of Oct., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. CHARLES V. MCCALLA to Miss ANNA TODD, both of this city.

On the 24th of Oct., by the Right Rev. Bishop Odenheimer, of New Jersey, CHARLES A. HULL to REBECCA B., daughter of the late Charles Oakford, both of this city.

On the 2d of Oct., by the Rev. P. S. Henson, Mr. CHARLES M. ALLEN to Miss EMMA MYERS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of Oct., CHARLOTTE E. ALTEMUS, in her 52d year.

On the 28th of Oct., THOMAS ROSEN, Sr., in his 81st year.

On the 28th of Oct., MRS. CATHARINE LENNARD, aged 50 years.

On the 22th of Oct., JOB F. PERKINS, in his 24th year.

On the 27th of Oct., MRS. ANN PENNINGER, in her 68th year.

On the 26th of Oct., JOHN ALLISON, in his 29th year.

On the 25th of Oct., MARY, wife of Charles Collins, in her 56th year.

On the 27th of Oct., JOHN G. MILLER, in his 76th year.

On the 26th of Oct., LAFAYETTE PALMER, in his 42d year.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1868.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

New and Splendid Premium Engraving.

GEMS OF NATIVE AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

The proprietors of "the oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who assist the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

"WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON."

For our Premium Engraving this year we shall give the above splendid portrait of Washington, engraved by the distinguished artist, H. Wright Smith, from the celebrated picture by Thomas Hicks, N. A. This is a full length portrait, with Mount Vernon in the background, and is thirty inches long by twenty-one inches wide. No American home should be without a portrait of "The Father of his Country." This engraving, (or one of "Edward Everett in his Library," or one of last year's premiums, "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) *will be sent gratis as a Premium to any one paid (*$2.50*) subscriber, and also to every person sending a club!*

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as here-of-re, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured. The following *original* serial stories are already on hand:—

THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "The Morrisons," &c.

TRYING THE WORLD.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "How a Woman Had Her Way," &c.

Besides our original contributions, long and short, we also select in STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS, &c.,

THE GEMS OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES;

And also give the NEWS OF THE WEEK, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT AND HUMOR, RECIPES, RECEIPTS, CLIPPINGS, THE MARKETS, &c., &c.

☞ SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS. ☜

New subscribers for 1868, will have their names entered on our list the very week their names are received. Thus new subscribers who send on their names by the first of November, will receive THE POST for November and December, in addition to the whole of 1868—making Fourteen Months in all. Those who send by the first of December, will receive Thirteen Months. Tens of thousands should take advantage of this liberal offer.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

No. 1.	For 2	subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, worth..... $55.00
" 2.	For 4	"	2.50	"	a Propeller Pencil, gold mounted, worth..... 6.00
					or a Set of Chess Men, worth..... 5.00
" 3.	For 6	"	2.50	"	one dozen Silver Plated Teaspoons, worth..... 7.00
					or half dozen Silver Plated Tablespoons, worth..... 7.00
					or half dozen Silver Plated Forks, worth..... 7.00
					or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth..... 10.00
					or a Silver Plated Castor, worth..... 10.00
					or a Set of Croquet, maple, painted, worth..... 10.00
No. 4.	For 10	subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Silver Plated Cake Basket, worth..... 12.00
					or a Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, worth..... 12.00
					or a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, worth..... 12.00
" 5.	For 12	"	2.50	"	a Doty's Washing Machine, worth..... 14.00
" 6.	For 16	"	2.50	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth..... 20.00
" 7.	For 20	"	2.50	"	a Fine Double Barrel Gun, worth..... 25.00
" 8.	For 24	"	2.50	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth..... 30.00
" 9.	For 30	"	2.50	"	an Allen's Patent Breech Loading Rifle, worth..... 35.00
" 10.	For 40	"	2.50	"	a Silver Plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth..... 40.00
					or one of Spencer's Repeating Rifles, with Globe and Peep sight, &c., worth..... 55.00
" 11.	For 50	"	2.50	"	a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, worth..... 75.00
" 12.	For 50	"	2.50	"	Appleton's American Cyclopædia, 16 vols., worth..... 80.00
" 13.	For 53	"	2.50	"	a First Quality Melodeon (4 octaves) worth..... 70.00
" 14.	For 75	"	2.50	"	a First Quality Parlor Organ (6 octaves), worth..... 110.00

SPLENDID OFFER OF BOOKS.

POSTAGE PREPAID BY US.

As some may be desirous of obtaining Books instead of the above Premiums, we make this additional offer:—

We will furnish any Books on T. B. Peterson & Bros.' List of Publications, *bound in paper, or in cloth, and postage prepaid*, on the following terms:—For 4 subscribers, at $2.50 apiece, $5.00 worth of Books; for 8 subscribers, at $2.50 apiece, $7.00 worth of Books; for 15 subscribers, at $2.50 apiece, $15.00 worth of Books; for 20 subscribers, at $2.50 apiece, $20.00 worth of Books; and for 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece, $35.00 worth of Books.

The person entitled to a Premium will be allowed to select such books (bound in cloth or paper) as he may desire, out of T. B. Peterson & Bros.' publications—among which are the works of Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Bremer, Charles Lever, Captain Marryatt, Mrs. Lee Hentz, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Southworth, Dumas, Emerson Bennett, Wilkie Collins, G. P. R. James, Miss Pardoe, T. S. Arthur, Prof. Liebig, &c., &c. Also, nine different Cook Books.

T. B. Peterson & Bros.' Catalogue, with the retail prices, will be sent to any one on the receipt of a three cent stamp. The postage on these books will be *prepaid*. All the other Premiums (except the engravings) are sent at the expense of the person getting them.

REMARKS

☞ The lists may be made up for The Post exclusively, or the Lady's Friend exclusively, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired.

☞ REMEMBER—each subscriber, on a Premium list, is to receive *in addition to his paper or magazine*, a copy of either of the large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, as he may prefer:—"WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON," "EDWARD EVERETT IN HIS LIBRARY," or "ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS." The regular club subscribers do not receive an engraving, unless they send one dollar extra for it.

Subscriptions should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines and engraving at once. Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists. The papers or magazines will be sent to different post-offices when desired.

The canvasser for a list for Premiums would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of the Premium Engravings. He can get these, either by subscribing for the paper or magazine for a year, or by inclosing us *one dollar*, for which sum we will send a copy of all three to those desirous of making up lists, but to those only. The paper and magazine, without the engraving, will be sent for twenty cents.

The Sewing Machine offered is the Wheeler & Wilson No. 3 Machine, price $55. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars, (that is, ten dollars in addition to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted.

Everything offered in our list of Premiums is guaranteed to be an excellent article. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this, the benefit of the Premiums.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The Freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to *our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—

One copy (and the large Premium Engraving)..... $2.50

CLUBS.

2 copies.....	$4.00	14 copies (and one to getter-up of club)	$20.00
4 "	8.00	20 " " "	28.00
5 " (and one to getter-up of club).....	8.00	1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend (and one Premium Engraving)	4.00
9 " " "	12.00		

A copy of the large and handsome Premium Engraving ("Washington at Mount Vernon") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra* as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices if desired.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

Address **HENRY PETERSON & CO.,**

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent, on the receipt of *five cents*.

AMODION.

BY EMILY S. OAKEY.

"What would you say of a pilgrim commissioned of God to travel up and down the earth singing a strange melody, which, when one heard, caused him to forget whatever sorrow he had?"—*H. W. Beecher.*

The morn was pearled sweet,
The hill-tops caught the day;
In noontide's burning heat
Athirst the meadows lay;
The sun set, and eve's star
Rose in a violet sky;
The heavenly light was far,
And darkness brooded nigh.
Amodion went singing, singing through the world.

Swept on the golden days,
Swept on the mooned nights;
Green summer's leafy ways
Onblazed with autumn-lights;
Came thunder-rolls, that rocked
The everlasting hills;
Came silent frost, that locked
The river and the rills.
Amodion went singing, singing through the world.

A song like balm, that crept
Into the heart of Care;
A fountain-song, that leapt
With laughter through the air;
Sad wayfarers, at eve,
Leant, startled, through the dark,
And they forgot to grieve,
Forgot to fear, when, hark!
Amodion went singing, singing through the world.

As drops from still blue skies
Their inspiration sweet,
So fell those melodies
At every pilgrim's feet;
No weariest soul might be
Uncheered and desolate,
For toward the eternal sea,
And through the heavenly gate,
Amodion went singing, singing through the world.

Germantown, Pa. —*Independent.*

A Race Extraordinary.

Some years ago a race was run at the Hague, in Holland, which for its novelty excited more than ordinary interest. It was between a fast trotting-horse in harness and a full-grown *hog;* single heat—distance, six English miles—for a wager of one thousand guilders.

The circumstances which led to this unique trial of speed were as follows: At a sporting club at the Hague a young member of the club expatiated upon the beauty, symmetry and extraordinary speed of a trotting-horse he had that day purchased, expressing an eager desire to get up a match to prove the superior qualities of his horse. A gentleman, engaged in a hand at cards, but whose attention had been attracted by the ardent and impassioned remarks of the speaker, quietly remarked: "Come, sir; don't be bragging so much about the swiftness of your horse, for I have a pig, which, for a trifling wager, I would not hesitate to run against your horse." Peals of laughter greeted this strange proposal, to which—when partially subsided—the owner of "Grunty," quietly interposed: "Well, gentlemen, I now challenge to run my hog, Nero, against that gentleman's fast trotter in harness, one straight heat, six English miles, for one thousand guilders a side." "Done!" "Done!" was the eager response from many voices. "Provided," the challenger resumed, "that the horse carry two persons, and that fourteen days' time be allowed me for training my animal." "Agreed!" "Agreed!" resounded all round; for the joke was deemed too good and too novel to give it the go-by.

Preliminaries being satisfactorily arranged, and the stakes deposited, it was agreed that the match should come off that day fortnight, at 11 o'clock A. M. precisely; and the beautiful avenue leading from the Hague to the sea-shore at Scheveningen was selected as the course. The news of this extraordinary match for a trial of speed between a fast-trotting horse and a full-grown porker, spread like wildfire, and caused the most intense excitement, not alone in sporting circles but among the people generally—all eager to see the fun. The day was anxiously looked for, and the training of Nero began.

On the first day poor Nero was starved, strict orders having been given by his owner that no one should feed him, himself alone attending to that matter. On the second day Nero was pretty sharp set, when punctually at eleven o'clock his master made his appearance. A rope was securely fastened to one of his hind-trotters, and his master drove him, with many a kick and forcible persuasion, all the way over the course to Scheveningen, where he fed him upon a scanty meal of two herrings, which Nero ravenously devoured; after which he had to trot it back to the Hague. It may be proper here to remark that the hog prefers fish to any other kind of food.

On the third day Nero felt perfectly ravenous, but he had to bide his time, and his master had to resort to the strictest hog-discipline to start him off, when, at eleven o'clock, he presented himself to drive him over the course. After a liberal and energetic application of the booted foot, and a little loud and angry discussion between the respective parties, they arrived at their journey's end, where Nero was regaled with three herrings, being one extra, and which he despatched voraciously in double-quick time, looking for more, but in vain. He was then, with much coaxing and kicking, persuaded to resume the return trip homeward, and which was safely accomplished, although not without considerable opposition, accompanied by vigorous squealing, and determined grunting on the part of Nero.

On the fourth day, punctually at eleven o'clock, when his master presented himself, Nero seemed to understand somewhat the object of his calling; he walked off not only without compulsion, but with considerable alacrity, at a good round pace, to get to his journey's end, where his master regaled him not alone with his coveted dinner of three herrings, but, as a reward for his tractability and good conduct, with one herring extra, and which Nero devoured with incredible velocity as soon as they came within reach of his grinders.

On the fifth day Nero was fully up to the game, and his master experienced considerable difficulty to keep up with him. At Scheveningen the usual allowance, now, of four herrings was placed at his disposal and disposed of by him in short metre.

On the following days, and up to the time of the race, his master had no further difficulty with Nero but to keep up with him; Nero invariably taking the lead; although on his return trips the same difficulties always occurred. A vigorous application of boots was in such case the only convincing argument with Nero, who never could see the point nor comprehend the necessity of this back-track movement, and ever obstreperously squealed and grunted his objections, deeming this extra exercise probably superfluous to his health, as he had never shown any signs of either dyspepsia or indigestion. But, be that as it may, Nero had to submit to strict discipline, his master intending to thus train him up to fame and renown.

On the ninth day Nero had become perfectly trained, and having grown extremely thin upon his scanty meals, he ran like a race-horse, a veritable Eclipse, invariably distancing his master, who followed with a fast trotting-horse in harness. Both exercise and spare diet were, however, strictly adhered to up to the day preceding the one on which the race was to come off. On that, the thirteenth day, as on the first day, poor Nero was again starved. At the usual hour of eleven, his master appeared, but Nero was doomed to disappointment—no trot, no herrings on that day. With eager eye and impatient grunt he signified his desire to be released from his pen, but alas, it was not so to be; he had to submit to a day of fasting and prayer—or at least, *prepare* for the race.

On the fourteenth day both horse and hog appeared at the starting-post eager for the race. It was a beautiful day, and the road was lined the entire distance, on both sides, with anxious and delighted spectators eager to see the sport. Punctually at eleven o'clock, at the tap of the drum, off they started, amid shouts and hurras of the multitude. The first two miles were closely contested—it was emphatically a neck and neck race; but Nero, light as a feather, (and having in his mind's eye, probably, his delectable meal,) now fairly flew over the course, gradually leaving the horse behind, keeping the lead the entire distance. Amidst shouts and hurras, the waving of handkerchiefs, and the wildest excitement, he reached the ending-post, beating the horse by half a mile and winning the race triumphantly.

For this extraordinary performance Nero was rewarded with a pailfull of herrings, which, having feasted upon to his heart's content, he waddled back to the Hague, in the care of his master, "the admired of all admirers." His master, pocketing the purse of one thousand guilders, generously spent one hundred guilders in Nero's portrait, and which *is* now preserved at the sportsman's club at the Hague.

Advertising Adventures.

Feeling that a lack of profitable employment kept many of my young friends in the way of that celebrated Satanic personage who "always finds something for idle hands to do," I sent five dollars to some philosopher in Maine who was willing to communicate a method of making an easy livelihood to all young men of enterprising habits possessed of a V. Back came a book by return of post. The volume was labelled "Typographia." On opening it a slip of paper was found inserted between the title page and the blank leaves, and on the slip was written:

"You can be either a type-setter, a proof-reader, or a foreman, by reading this book. It contains all the necessary information. You only require a little practice, which you can gain by hiring yourself out for a year or two to any respectable printer. E. E."

This was nearly as good as the advice to a seeker after fortune who sent money to an advertiser in Hartford, Connecticut, and received the advice "to peddle cigars, half Havana and half home-made, as I did, and be always ready to pick up a stray chicken."

My curiosity was next exercised by an advertisement setting forth that for one dollar the likeness of my "future wife or husband" would be sent. I consulted with half-a-dozen bachelor friends on the subject, and we unanimously resolved to invest one dollar each for the immense privilege of seeing the individuals who were to be our partners in this "vale of tears," and who were to double our blessedness by sharing our singularities. It was understood that each was to exhibit the likeness of his predicted bride for the inspection of the company, be she fair or unfair. In due time I received a carte de visite through the post office. It bore on its face the representation of a female form, got up in the height of the latest fashion, regardless of expense. A splendid ostrich feather crowned what, from its magnificence and my ignorance, I will venture to designate an "empire" hat. A velvet cloak trimmed with lace was surmounted with a superb fur cape. A robe of black silk was ornamented with numerous devices that might have found their origin in the brains of a kaleidoscope. A foot, or scarce half a foot, peeped out from under a white skirt, revealed by the dress being slightly raised. One tiny tightly gloved hand was just visible. The face—but there was the trouble, it was a back view—and it might as well have been taken from a drygoodsman's "dummy" as from the human form divine, so far as the "likeness" conveyed any idea to my mind. This was keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope with a vengeance. I felt inclined to tear the thing up, but, remembering my promise to my friends, I forebore. I found afterward that we were all served alike. We have this consolation, however, that our wives are to be fashionably dressed; that is, if the present fashion miraculously continues till we are married.

I saw, lately, a paragraph intimating that to an anxious inquirer the advertiser of a receipt for the prevention of the freezing of cisterns or wells had answered with this twenty-five cents' worth of advice:

"Take your cistern and well into the house on cold nights and keep up a good fire."

Cheeky enough, but no worse than the advice I paid a dollar for to an advertiser, who offered a remedy for frost-bitten feet and chapped hands, and which advice was embraced in three words, almost Shakspearean: "Go to Cuba!"

But both were excelled by the individual who in late war times offered for five dollars to show any one "a certain and infallible method of escaping the draft," and whose panacea was, "Commit suicide."

I need not say that, for the outlay of untold postage currency and postage stamps, I have received no advice whatever—the advertisers of important information having wisely considered that it was a needless expense trying to enlighten me—and that often I have been invited to invest in lotteries and petroleum companies, and in the manufacturing of unhallowed articles militating against health and morals. Some of my house-hunting friends inform me that they have been victimized in small sums by advertisers who have offered information of leases for sale, and by pretended real estate agents who have demanded a bonus in advance.

The following curious adventure will serve as a caution, and will also do to wind up with:

A friend of mine in some freak of idleness answered an advertisement which required the small sum of three dollars for information by which any one could easily acquire a fortune. My friend is a simple-looking youth, and a very good living illustration of the deceptiveness of appearances. Shortly after he had written the letter to the bestower of fortunes, he was waited on at his lodgings by a neatly-dressed young man, who produced my friend's note, and asked if he had written it. Affirmatively answered, the stranger began to look cautiously around the room, and going to the door opened it suddenly, looked out into the hall, closed the door, and then with a knowing smile came up to my friend and asked if he was a good judge of money. "Tolerable," was the reply.

"Then look at these," said the stranger, producing a lot of fifty-cent currency stamps. My friend examined them, and saw nothing wrong. The stranger then began his tale to unfold. He would furnish any amount of fifty-cent stamps at twenty-five cents. Whew! The murder was out. My friend was startled. What should he do? Call the police or kick the fellow out?

To gain time for reflection, some questions were asked. Suddenly there were footsteps in the hall, and a slovenly-dressed man rushed into the room, closed the door, and with a sardonic smile, seized the trembling vender of counterfeit currency by the coat collar, and in a tragical whisper hissed: "Caught at last—you're wanted!" and then to my friend, "I arrest you as an accomplice! I would give a hundred dollars if I were in your place, to get out of this affair!" My friend was astonished. In a moment, however, he regained his self-possession. Making a bound for the window, he opened it and shouted "Police!" The strangers, on hearing the talismanic word, made a rush for the door and the street. The rascals went, but no police came. The "queer" was left behind, and proved to be mighty queer "queer." It was so like the genuine that a broker declared it to be, and took it for, good money, and my friend made some fifty dollars by the operation. Still, that kind of accident does not happen often enough to make the answering of swindling advertisements profitable business.

"GOING ALONE."

With curls in the sunny air tossing,
With light in the merry blue eyes,
With laughter so clearly outringing,
A laugh of delight and surprise;
All friendly assistance disdaining,
And trusting no strength but its own,
The past fears and trials forgotten,
The baby is "going alone!"

What woful mishaps have preceded
This day of rejoicing and pride!
How often the help that he needed
Has carelessly gone from his side!
He has fallen while reaching for sunbeams,
Which just as he grasped them have flown,
And the tears of vexation have followed,
But now he is "going alone."

And all through his life he will study
This lesson again and again;
He will carelessly lean upon shadows,
He will fall and weep over the pain.
The hand whose fond clasp was the surest
Will coldly withdraw from his own,
The sunniest eyes will be clouded,
And he will be walking alone!

He will learn what a stern world we live in,
And he may grow cold like the rest;
And just keep a warm, sunny welcome
For those who seem truest and best;
Yet chastened and taught by past sorrow,
And stronger and manlier grown,
Nor trusting his all in their keeping,
He learns to walk bravely alone!

And yet not alone, for our Father
The faltering footsteps will guide,
Through all the dark mazes of earth-life,
And "over the river's" deep tide.
Oh! here is a Helper unfailing,
A strength we can perfectly trust,
When, all human aid unavailing,
"The dust shall return unto dust."

A WITNESS in a late divorce suit kept saying that the wife had a very *retaliating* disposition—that she "retaliated for every little thing." "Did you ever see her husband kiss her?" asked the wife's counsel. "Yes, sir, often." "Well, what did she do on such occasions?" "She always retaliated, sir." (Great laughter, and wife triumphant.)

☞ In the index to a book of commentaries on law, is the following: "Judge S.—his great mind." Turning to the page indicated, was the following: "The Judge said he had a great mind to commit the prisoner."

☞ When Napoleon Third was at school at Augsburg he was characterized by the professors as "a pupil possessing an ardent feeling for all that was elevated, good and beautiful."

THE ARTIST'S DREAM OF DEATH.

[These lines were suggested by a sketch by J. E. Millais, R.A., representing Death shooting fiery arrows by night into a walled town. Compare Homer, Iliad A. 50—53.]

I.

How did it come to his mind? the fleshless and horrible dream—
Gruesome, cruel, and weird—making the murk more grim;
Standing stark-naked in bone, which the star-light sets a-gleam,—
Shooting his shot at the town, the little town silent and dim!

II.

Said we not each to the other, "Death is an Angel of Light!"
While our tears as they rolled gave the lie to our lips?
Here's one paints us the Thing, awful, authentic, aright—
Tells the truth straight out, from its skull to its spiked toe-tips.

III.

So, if you opened the page, an idle moment to soothe,
Madam or sir—as may be—best close the number for good;
This is no matter to flatter flesh and blood in their youth:
Here's an Artist in earnest—Death's picture on worm-eaten wood.

IV.

But, if you ask what he means, yonder the little town lies
Under the curtains of midnight, spangled with planet and star,
All looking down so calm! so splendid! as if the eyes
Of infinite Angels were watching our one little world from afar.

V.

And I hear on the rampart-stones the heel of the sentinel ring,
And I see him halt and count the chimes of the midnight-bell.
And he listens towards us here: "But 'tis only the cicadas sing;"
So he shoulders his spear again, and passes the word, "All's well!"

VI.

And away within the walls I know there is pleasure and pain;
Ah me! the sorrows and joys wherewith one town is fraught!
There's crimson flame on the altars where the people pray in vain,
And a flare from the pharos-lantern to bring the galleys to port.

VII.

And I seem to see, in the gleam which hangs all over the town,
The cresset-lights of a banquet, and merry torch-bearers who go—
Their jolly feet false with the wine—in laughter up and down
With rose-crowns awry on their heads—and pipes that cheerily blow.

VIII.

Oh, and I know that beneath the beautiful roof of the night
Bridal couches are spread, and lovers at last are one,
Who say, "If God should will that it never more should be light,
Then stay on the other side, and wait till we wish for thee, Sun!"

IX.

Laughter, and music, and banquets, and roses, and revelry,
And hymns in the temple to please the Gods of heaven and hell,
And the galleys with spices and wine ploughing bravely in from the sea,
And still that sentinel looks from the wall and cries, "All's well!"

X.

Doth he not see with his eyes the spectre we see so plain,
Who blisters the growing grass with the bones of his clattering feet?
And makes the still air stink with the fester of live things slain,
And turns to corpse-light on his skull the star-light, holy and sweet?

XI.

Cannot he hear the voice—still—small—that comes with this Thing?
Drives it, striding along; halts it, elbows and knees,
Says to the skeleton-bowman, "Now fit the shaft to the string,
Shoot me thy shot at the town; for the hour is come to these!"

XII.

Cursed Bowman, who shoots with an arrow dipped in the pest!
Holy Father, whose will is good, though Thou willest we die!
It is changed in the little town, from joy at its gayest and best,
To cramps that curdle the heart, and tortures that glaze the eye:

XIII.

The sentinel, careless of all, stalks quiet upon the wall;
But the pilot has yielded the helm of his galley with a scream.
At the banquet the guests drop dead—the worshippers, priests, and all,
Choke in chaunting "Amen;"—and that sweet bridal dream,

XIV.

Which the lovers dreamed together—but half-asleep—while their lips
Still kissed, for fear a minute from love's long rapture be took—
Is ended in this, that one from the arms of the other slips,
And that other—chilled by the corpse—turns corpse herself, at a look.

XV.

Ah, my Lord, my God! who sendest the Pestilent wrath!
Giver of life, who hast given the instinct to love to live,
Teach us another lesson—to render it back in faith,
When the messenger comes like this, with a ghastly errand to give:

XVI.

Ah, my Lord, my God! our souls are the little town:
At the twanging of that black bow, the laughter and love seem still;
But help our souls to hear, through the darkness that settles down,
The sentinel on the wall, crying always to all, "*All's well!*"

EDWIN ARNOLD.

The Hen that Had a Vocation.

BY MRS. E. M. COGGESHALL.

"Such a hen, father! she won't stay set. I squatted her down as hard as I could and put a raisin box over her, with a broken piece out of the bottom, and she just stretched up till she got her head out and crowed over so loud."

"No wonder; crowing hens are not likely to want to set," laughed the father, as he passed his cup for more coffee.

"Yes, father," said the eldest sister, who had her mother's place at the head of the table, "she really does want to set, and Nelly put her on fifteen eggs and she sat two weeks, and then came off and let them get cold, and found another nest, and we put some more eggs under her, and she stayed three days and then left them; and now—"

"We've tried her again," chimed in little Nell, "and she just sets standing all the time."

"Such an independent hen as that might as well be left alone, I judge," answered Mr. Sherwood, laughing heartily again as he rose from the breakfast-table and went into his wife's room to amuse her with the trials of her little housekeepers, for Mrs. Sherwood had sprained her ankle severely, and while it was necessary for her to keep on the bed Sue and Nell had undertaken the oversight of household affairs, which, with strong-armed, willing Sally at the oars and mother virtually at the helm, went on almost as smoothly as ever, with the exception of this one refractory hen.

But it is not at all fair to hear only one side of a story; let us find out what the hen herself thought of the matter.

"There!" said she, one day, "that old Mrs. Poland is everlastingly nodding her black cap at me and saying I ought to settle down and raise a family instead of gadding about all the time like a spring chicken. Always the way with old folks—forget they were young once—a body can't be fairly out of the shell before they want them to be grandmothers; and she's ruled the barnyard so long she thinks every hen in it's got to mind her. For my part, I'd like her to know I have talents for something better, and I only wish that black cook would just catch her up and boil her;" and Miss Biddy brought her foot down with such angry emphasis that she nearly cut one of her toes off on a bit of broken glass. In a few days her foot swelled and hurt her so she could hardly walk, and seeing a nice, fresh-looking tuft of high grass behind the grapevine, she crept in and settled down for a comfortable rest.

"Ah," said two hens as they came by, "here's Biddy Blue wants to set;" and so they each gave her an egg. Then little Nell, making the discovery too, presented her with thirteen more; also putting both food and water within her reach, Biddy Blue concluded she might as well set, seeing she was an invalid, and couldn't do anything else. For a few days it was very pleasant; her cut toe was healing, and all the barnyard family called to congratulate her; while Mrs. Poland paid her several visits daily, enlivening the time with stories of the different broods she had raised, and thrilling adventures connected with them. During the next few days it began to grow tiresome; the neighborly interest had ceased; Mrs. Poland had some other young friend to patronize, and Biddy Blue began to think it wasn't quite the thing to stay in one place three weeks.

"Dear me! if those currants ain't beginning to turn! I can see them from here; and not a soul to bring me any, and my throat so dry I couldn't cackle for one egg, much less fifteen. What a fool I am to set here wasting my time in such drudgery, and that beautiful fruit waiting to be picked!" So, glancing furtively about, she ran through the high grass and commenced a vigorous attack upon the currant bushes. She eat so many that she soon felt the need of a nap, and when she woke up the hens had gone to roost and it was raining; so she flew up into a cherry tree that stood by and went to sleep again. The first thing she heard next morning was little Nell's exclamations:

"Oh, this wicked hen! eggs wet and just as cold!—fifteen, all spoiled!"

"And if here isn't the very hen herself," said Sue, as Biddy Blue, trying to escape Nell's observation, flew down from the opposite side of the tree, almost into Susan's face. "I know her by her swelled foot and her color. Now, ma'am, we'll watch you."

So Biddy Blue ran for another nest she had seen under the shed, and sat on it, looking so penitent that the little girl tried her again, and this time she really meant to stay, but the third day there was the greatest commotion among the hens! Silver Top had an increase of family, and they had flat feet and broad beaks, and made no more of swimming about the meadow-pond than a fish; and there was such a stir, such a wondering and "I-nevering" among the relations that Biddy Blue had to go and see what was the matter, and never thought of her own duty till next day.

"Third time never fails," said little Nell, as she put the raisin box over Biddy, and then finding that she persisted in "setting standing," put a stone on the box to keep her down. Which it did so effectually that in three weeks Biddy Blue was the mother of a lovely family; and although she was so cramped by her compelled setting that at first she couldn't walk, Nelly told her it was good enough for her, and all the barnyard agreed with the little girl.

"Dat ar hen better a heap be done shut up, Miss Susan," said Sally; "she'll be fur leavin' dem ar chicks."

"Oh, no, I guess not; see how nicely she picks for them; and she's so proud!"

Yes; at first Biddy Blue was proud, but finding she had not accomplished any more than half a dozen other hens, the old, restless idea that her talents needed larger scope came back and she grew discontented again.

"Dear me!" said she, impatiently, as the lively brood pushed here and there under her, making her look, as Nell said, with their crowd of little feet, "like the banyan tree picture in her geography." "Dear me! can't you ever get quiet? You make me so nervous I feel as if I should fly. 'Twas bad enough to be plagued with you when you were smooth eggs to roll about on, but now, with your fidgeting, I feel as if I were a centipede. I know one thing; I heard Mrs. Sherwood talking about people's finding out their peculiar talent, and I know this can't be my vocation. The idea of a hen that's been born and bred in a respectable family and understands the English language as I do, just wasting her talents picking up crumbs for a parcel of cheeping chicks. Why, there's that old gray goose; I can use so many long words she can't understand half I say. This monotonous life may do for her, but I was made for something better. It's what Miss Sue calls ridicuously supremous—no! that wasn't it—ah! I have it supremely ridiculous—for me to be grovelling here. I have a vocation and I'll find it," and with a strong-minded attempt at a crow she flew upon the fence and left the little ones to themselves.

Night came down on the orphan brood, but the children were away and there was no one to notice their disconsolate crying; but next morning little Nell found them huddled under a bush, two dead, three or four dying, and the remainder doing their small best to comfort each other.

"That hateful old blue thing!" she sobbed; "I wish she was cooked, so I could bite her. You poor, little, blessed things!" and picking up all that were not past caring for, she took them into the kitchen to seek Sally's advice as to their management.

"Dat ar blue hen mighty like some folks I know," said Sally, as she fed the little things and then tucked them up in a basket filled with wool; "she can't just tend her own work; she's all the time huntin' fur odder people's."

Sure enough, at that very minute Biddy Blue was in the garden picking off some late strawberries that Mr. Sherwood had taken great pains with, being a new variety of his own raising. "I heard master say he wanted to make a fresh bed just as soon as the strawberries were done with, and these ought to have been off long ago; so it's likely he'll be glad to have them picked. How pleasant to be making one's self useful when one has talents to do it!" Just then a pitchfork came down on Biddy's back with a force that showed whoever stood at the handle and had very little respect for talented hens, and following up his blow with a chase. Tom ran the thief, screeching and fluttering, frightened out of her wits, up to the house and into the open cellarway.

"Here's yer old stray-bout, Miss Nelly; "done cotch her eatin' them berries massa wouldn't a had tech'd fur a dollar."

"Oh, Miss Hateful! you shan't have your chickens now," said Susan, looking into the cellar. "You haven't got sense enough to take care of them."

This somewhat mortified Biddy Blue, because she had learned so many big words from Susan that she had rather a respect for her; but she comforted herself with the thought that the efforts of genius were too often misunderstood, and when left to herself, flew out of the cellar more determined than ever to find her vocation.

"There's our next-door neighbor. I heard him telling master the other day that he wouldn't allow any birds shot on his premises, they were so useful in picking off insects, even if he did lose a little fruit. Now that's a man that can appreciate one; and how envious the barnyarders would be if I could, by my genius, get into bird society; so elevating and aristocratic! I must try it and not rust here in obscurity."

A week after Mr. Linton came into Mr. Sherwood's garden one morning, holding a hen by the legs, her head hanging down and her wings flopping about in a very ignominious manner.

"The boys say this hen belongs to you, so I did not like to kill her, but she's been 'raising Ned' over at our house. She's scratched up a lot of choice flower seeds I had planted in pots; she's eat off the Lawtons as fast as they begin to turn, and this morning she pounced on a bug on the Cape Jessamine I was raising for Nelly, and broke it off close to the roots."

"There, father, it's that old, blue hen. She won't lay, nor set, nor keep her chickens. She's the biggest plague!"

"She's jist got talen for mischief and nothin' else, dat's what's the matter," said Sally.

"Such a talented hen better go into the pot," said Mr. Sherwood, and taking up a hatchet, he beheaded her on the spot.

And so Biddy Blue found her vocation.—*The Children's Hour.*

IF I

If there were no such thing as pride—
If there were no such thing as lies—
I might be sitting at thy side,
Smiling on thee with happy eyes.

If there were no such thing as change—
If there were no such thing as time—
And all that doth the heart estrange
By shifting scenes of place and clime;

I might be reigning o'er thy heart,
No monarch safer on his throne,
Empress of every throbbing part,
My kingdom utterly my own.

Alas! so many "ifs" between
Have exiled me from royalty,
And now I am no more a queen;
Another claims thy fealty.

Yet darkened days I can beguile,
Recalling time but barely flown,
When thou didst sue me for a smile
On bended knee before my throne.

Then court *her* favors while they last,
Her smile, her gifts, her glances woo;
She cannot rob me of the past—
Ah! *I* have reigned and triumphed too.

MARRIED WELL.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER XVI.

A PITIFUL STORY.

Whom does Time halt withal? With the weary and heavy-laden; with the sorrowful and suffering; with the satiate and purposeless; with the sick of hope deferred; with the debtor besieged of duns; with the creditor baffled of his due; with the suitor in search of justice; with the prisoner to whom death were a boon; with the parents of erring children; with the wives of selfish men. All such count drearily the leaden moments; all such, in the morning, think, "Would God it were even;" and at even, think, "Would God it were morning." Yet, if your gait must needs be halting, hobble away, old Time, as quickly as you may through years of mourning for the traitorously slain—through years of fear not vainly felt, and of doubts, alas! too surely realized—through years of debt, disgrace, and shame—through years of love cooling down into loathing. Hobble away, old Time, and arrive as soon as you may at that glorious evening in a certain September when Fortress and I sat chatting together and smoking our pipes as the sun went down. It was a little more than ten years since he had left England; and he had returned from India a man of some note. He was a Major and a V. C.; he had been through the mutiny, and his experiences had left their mark upon him in a decrease of the merry twinkle, and an increase of the fierce gleam of his gray-blue eye, in the lines upon his face, in the streaks of white amongst his darkened hair, and in his hollow, sun-burned cheeks; his manly air had grown still manlier; his shoulders were broader; his carriage was, if possible, more upright; his step was heavier and firmer; and his voice, though mellow as ever, was deeper and more melancholy. It passed through my thoughts, as I looked at him, that a woman who had liked him before his departure, could be easily induced to love him now. His sentiments were frank and generous as ever; and so far as his nature was concerned, it was clear that it did not give the lie to his motto, *Semper idem*. In one respect, however, he showed a change, not of nature, I verily believe, but merely of practice. Whenever we touched, which was certainly not often, upon religious points, he omitted all the skepticism and the sneers for which he had been notorious, and even—amongst parson-loving ladies especially—infamous, and spoke in such a manner as to prove that his former attitude did not arise from the motive to which it had been generally attributed, but merely from impatience of dogmatism and hypocrisy. After discoursing much about old times, I asked him suddenly: "Do you remember Ellen Finch?—the little goldfinch, as some fellows used to call her, on the principle, I suppose, on which *lucus* is said to be derived, for she was not much troubled with gold."

Fortress started, and looked keenly at me, and then answered carelessly: "O yes, quite well. Let's see, she married well, didn't she?"

"Deuced well," said I bitterly.

Fortress now assumed an air of the greatest interest, put down his pipe, laid his arms on the table, and shooting across at me from wide-opened eyes a whole battery of surprise, exclaimed: "Why, I had the paper sent me with the announcement of the marriage in it; and one of my sisters wrote me a long letter about it, and said that the 'lovely Miss Finch had found another profitable lunatic in the Ewart family' (and I thought the expression scarcely warrantable), and had married him, and that she was considered to have married exceedingly well, as her husband was likely in a very short time to have a living of six hundred a year. Of course the man was the George Ewart who was at our college (in fact, the paper left no doubt about that). I hadn't much opinion of the man, I confess, but I supposed he would be all right when he was married. Didn't he get the living?"

"O yes, within a year of his marriage?"

"He always was a lucky brute in matters of speculation," growled Fortress. "What was it, then?" he added with some hesitation; "she—she—she liked him, didn't she?"

"She *liked* all persons," said I, "and she was said to go beyond *liking* with him."

"You don't mean to say *he* got tired of *her*?" rejoined Fortress, as if he were propounding the case of a man who could "doubt truth to be a liar."

"No, not exactly," said I; "but don't you recollect my writing out to you and describing the way in which Ewart was preparing for ordination?"

"Yes; it was just like the fellow," answered Fortress.

"Well, soon after he entered upon his living, finding himself with more income than he had possessed as a curate, having little or no parish-work to do, and his wife being much occupied with her first baby, and therefore unable to accompany him everywhere, as she had been in the habit of doing, he took to running up to town, at first now and then, and afterwards very often. In fact, it was not long before he was to be met nearly every week at the club, and after a while he was there nearly every day. It leaked out in course of time that the acquaintance with Mr. Whiskeybottle had been renewed—"

"Good God!" broke in Fortress, as if he had been for once in his life really alarmed.

"And you know," I continued, "what that was likely to end in. But you would hardly guess what Churton told me."

"Churton was a good fellow," said Fortress; "what did he tell *you*?"

"You know Ewart believed in Churton, and would stand more from Churton than from anybody else. Well, after Ewart had been married about seven years, Churton was staying at the rectory. He had been there over and over again, and Mrs. Ewart regarded him not only as her husband's best friend, but almost as her own brother; indeed, the children call him Uncle Churton. Many a time he had noticed during his visits that Mrs. Ewart had turned quite pale when her husband had said it was time for her to go to bed, and that he and Churton would just have a pipe and a 'tumbler' before they went too. She would look appealingly at Churton and her lips would move as if she wished to say something, but that something for a long while came to nothing more than a sigh accompanied 'good-night.' Still, Churton is by no means dull; and he therefore took care to confine himself to one tumbler, to ask for his candle immediately afterwards, and to suggest to Ewart the propriety of turning in. It is difficult for the oldest friend to do more with his host, especially when your host answers your suggestion by saying: 'All right, old friend; I'll just smoke half a pipe, see that the house is safe, and follow your example.' Generally, Ewart was as good as his word; but upon more than one occasion, Churton had reason to believe that the half-pipe had been considerably exceeded, at the insinuations of Mr. Whiskeybottle; he would, long after he had been in bed, hear Ewart soliloquising in a loud voice, laughing to himself, replying angrily to Mrs. Ewart's gentle remonstrance that he would wake the children, and that it was getting very late, and at last coming unsteadily upstairs with a rattle and clatter which afforded a fair presumption that the moderator lamp was being used as a bedroom candle, and that the choice of accidents lay between smashing the globe and setting the house on fire. But such was Ewart's tact or luck, that no accident happened, and such was his wonderful constitution, that, though he might be a little late, he looked in the morning as fresh, and bright, and *debonnaire* as ever. Mrs. Ewart, however, looked like the ghost of herself; and when Churton one morning, as they sat waiting for Ewart, told her so, she burst into tears, and said: 'Oh, Mr. Churton, pray do what you can for him. You do not know what a house this is when you are not here; you wouldn't believe me if I were to tell you all. He is so much better when you are here—how I wish you could be here oftener! and then, the strange part is that he seems to have forgotten all about it the next morning; and I am sure nobody in the parish (except the doctor and *he* knows,) dreams of such a thing; for it's *always* at night—it's that horrible sitting alone at night. Pray, pray do what you can for him.'"

"He did, I'll be bound," broke in Fortress—"he did all a man could, I'm sure. If I thought he didn't—"

"He did, he did," said I, interrupting; "and now to continue and end. Churton had got an additional hold, because Ewart had confided to him—what had been systematically concealed from Mrs. Ewart—that the frequent visits to town, the dinners at the club, and their sequences, if not consequences, had created a load of debt the amount of which was alarming, of which Mrs. Ewart knew scarcely more than that her husband's income vanished mysteriously, and from which he was at his wits' end to extricate himself; for Mr. Whiskeybottle had done part of his work, and undermined some of Ewart's strongest points. Churton availed himself of all his influence, and flattered himself for some time—not without some reason—that he had done no little good. However, the last time Churton stayed at the rectory, he had retired one night to bed, and being unusually tired, had soon fallen asleep. At what hour he does not know, but whilst it was yet dark, he was awakened by a touch; he started up, and there stood by him a figure, which, under certain circumstances, would have excited his admiration as well as his astonishment. It was Mrs. Ewart, as she had risen from sleep, with a bedroom candle in her hand. She had never, Churton said, looked so lovely, but there was a horror upon her face which held him spell-bound, and under one of her eyes was a livid mark—"

"The blackguard had never struck her?" broke in Fortress, doubling his fist, but speaking in the tone of one pleading to be spared. "You don't mean that he had struck her?"

"Accidentally, if at all, Churton believes, and so do I; but, of course, Churton was obliged to be very delicate in his questioning, and she professed not to be aware that she had received any kind of blow in any way. However, she stood, as I have described, by Churton's bedside, and said, in a voice which, Churton says, has haunted him since: 'Pray, pray come to George.' Then she went out; and Churton, as you may suppose was not many seconds behind her. He found Ewart talking to himself about burglars, hitting out in all directions, and with one leg already over the sill of an open window, the drop from which should have killed a man. Churton is a powerful fellow, as you know, but he did not attempt force; he simply put his arm round Ewart's, and spoke cheerfully to him; and Ewart, at the sound of the old, familiar, influential voice, suffered himself to be led to his bedside. Then, a fit again seized him, and it was all that Churton and Mrs. Ewart could do to hold him, and coax him to remain where he was till the doctor could come to see him."

I paused.

"Well," asked Fortress, drawing a deep breath, "and did he get over it?"

"Yes."

"And how is he now?"

"Dead."

Fortress started up from his seat; then, sitting down again, he asked:

"How long has he been dead?"

"About six months."

"And how did he leave Mrs. Ewart provided for?"

"She has her own little fortune," said I sardonically, "which was settled entirely upon herself."

"I thought she had nothing," said Fortress with surprise.

"O yes; she had twenty pounds a year," said I, "at least so it was reported; and even that must have been a help, for all the laughing over the settlement."

Fortress scowled at me as if he were going to hold me accountable for either the smallness of the sum or my manner of speaking; but a sad smile suddenly took the place of the scowl as he asked: "How many children are there?"

"Three: one boy about ten, another about six, and a little girl about four."

"And how in the world does she manage to bring them up?"

"Ewart's relatives take the two boys, and the little girl is allowed to be with her."

"*Allowed*, indeed! and who, pray, is so kind as to *allow* a mother to keep her child? I don't see the great charity of taking care of the two boys, if they are torn away from their mother."

"She would not be allowed to have them where she has gone."

"Confound it all! my good fellow, what

do you mean? You speak as if she had gone to the workhouse—Ewart's friends could never—"

"She *has* gone to a sort of workhouse—"

"For God's sake, old fellow," broke in Fortress, jumping up and walking about the room, "don't speak riddles. *Where* has she gone to?"

"She has gone to teach music and I don't know what else, at a boarding-school, where, as a great favor, she is allowed to have her little girl with her."

"And how long has she been there?"

"Nearly three years."

"Why!" exclaimed Fortress in blank astonishment, "you told me Ewart had been dead only six months."

"That is so: but you haven't heard the worst part of the story even now."

"Then," said Fortress, sitting down doggedly, "out with it at once, please, short and strong."

"After that night when Churton was there, they never lived together again." (A grunt of assent from Fortress.) "Ewart was ill a long while; his creditors grew unmanageable, and, when he recovered, his living was sequestrated. He hadn't a brass farthing. His relatives subscribed enough to put him with a man who advertises his wishes to 'meet with a few gentlemen of incurably intemperate habits' to keep in order, took the two boys, and refused to do any more. Mrs. Ewart was thankful to take the situation which old Dr. Snell got for her, and has been there ever since."

"Do you know her address?"

"Yes; I have called upon her with Churton."

"Will you give it me?"

"With the greatest pleasure in the world." And I wrote it down and gave it to him. Fortress took it with many thanks, wished me good-night, and went his way.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. EWART AT HOME.

Not many weeks after this, Churton and I, to our common astonishment, received an invitation to go and drink tea with Mrs. Ewart. Her letters were dated, not from the school, but from a certain cottage in the neighborhood of Norwood. Of course we compared notes and put our heads together, but could make little or nothing by that. Perhaps she had suddenly come into money; perhaps she had married one of the masters at the school (but then she would not have signed her letters Ellen Ewart); perhaps she had discovered a relation of her father or mother; perhaps Ewart's friends had received supernatural warning (nothing less would have moved them) to behave handsomely, and had (with much grumbling, of course) obeyed. It was all "perhaps." Fortress we had both seen several times in the interval, but the only allusion he ever made to the subject of Mrs. Ewart, was to say more than once: "I haven't called; I couldn't make up my mind to call." It seemed useless to ask whether he knew anything about the matter; so we went to our tea-drinking bewildered and expectant. We found Mrs. Ewart in a state of high delight: she had her three children with her, the eldest boy being at a day-school in the neighborhood; she was mistress of a small but pretty little cottage, and she welcomed us almost gayly.

"There are good people in the world besides you and me," said she laughing, "as you may perceive from that letter: it is from my husband's solicitor."

The letter ran as follows:

DEAR MADAM—I have great pleasure in informing you that the late Rev. George Ewart had more generous friends than you are probably aware of. The consequence is that I am enabled to promise you an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds a year for your lifetime, to be paid to you quarterly by me; and I beg to forward you a cheque for the first quarter.—Yours faithfully,

THOMAS DRAFT.

Serjeant's Inn.

"Of course I called immediately," said Mrs. Ewart, "to find out who my excellent friends were; but Mr. Draft was very mysterious, and used a quantity of legal terms to me, and only left upon my mind the impression that my kind friends were afraid that if their names were known some unpleasantness might arise with my husband's immediate family, who would consider that some reflection upon their conduct was intended, especially as Mr. Draft is their solicitor as well as my husband's. Isn't it vexatious?"

We heartily sympathized with, and at the same time consoled Mrs. Ewart. We talked about all sorts of things and persons, old times and old acquaintances; and at last, Churton asked her if she recollected Major Fortress. The blood rushed to her face, and subsided again in a moment, as she answered quietly: "I recollect a *Mr.* Fortress very well indeed, but he was only a lieutenant when I knew him."

"Oh, that's the man," observed Churton heartily. "He is a hero now: he was all through the mutiny, and he has come back a Major, a V. C., with an addition to the means he always had, and with many graces and honors which he hadn't."

"I should have thought he would make a fine soldier," said Mrs. Ewart smiling, "but"—and she finished her sentence with a shake of the head which demolished Fortress's moral character.

"Fortress," said I with some heat, "is and always was a noble fellow; he is not, and never was, fundamentally vicious or irreligious, as people made out; he only hated humbug, and perhaps took an unwise way of showing his hatred plainly."

Mrs. Ewart listened attentively, and looked even pleased at my vehemence. At length she asked: "Is he much altered? I suppose I should not know him again?"

"He is a little altered, certainly," answered Churton, "but for the better. I feel pretty sure you would know him again: may I bring him to call?"

Mrs. Ewart looked suddenly grave (for the words "good-bye for ever" rang in her ears), but something whispered to her *Semper idem*, and she replied (almost haughtily, however): "I can hardly imagine the great Major Fortress would care to call here; but if you think—"

"He often inquires after you," blurted I in interruption.

"Really!" exclaimed she with an air of cool surprise; "I am sure I ought to feel highly flattered."

"Then I may bring him some day?" said Churton interrogatively.

"Oh, certainly!" replied she in a tone of indifference. And soon afterwards Churton and I took leave.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER.

Of course it will seem strange that I should know what Mrs. Ewart did that night in her bedroom, especially when Churton and I were smoking a pipe together at my abode, when she was going to bed. Nevertheless, in defiance of the strange and marvellous, I saw her (in my mind's eye, you know) examine herself more attentively than she had done for some years past in the glass, and then take out of her dressing-case, and read with a sigh, the following scrawl on a dirty piece of paper:

DEERE LADY—Xcuse me takin a libbaty; but I'm a dyin, and speck Gawd's trooth, The villin you marryd were my ruing; my child's ded, but he were the farther, and he overpusswaydid me to put it on to another, which never did nothink ony kind and sivile by me, leastways no more than kiss me lightarted like—he woodn't ave urted a wum—praps you no im by the name of Fortriss. So Mr. F. were sent away from Collidge, and Mr. E. (that's youre usban), he were seen walkin with me after, and he were pakd hof a little wiles to, but were artful enuf to kep it unbenone to is frens. I coodn't dye easy xcep I let you no ow it were, fur I'm sawry for Mr. F., and I ate Mr. E., oo as treeted me shamefle, and I can't tuch im ony throo you. Mr. E. allus give me is adress at is clubb, but I fund out is adress in the contry jest befor I were tuk ill, and I maid up my mined to xpose im. So no mor from

Marrybus Workus. ROSE WHITE.

Mrs. Ewart had received this letter during her husband's illness which preceded their separation; she had never shown it or mentioned it to Ewart, but it had not diminished the loathing she felt for him, and had increased her admiration and pity for Fortress. And now, as she returned the scrawl to its receptacle, she sighed: "Poor fellow!" and as she wooed slow-coming sleep, she softly muttered: "*Semper idem;*" for though she had felt bound at her marriage to destroy Fortress's note, his motto was easily remembered.

CHAPTER XIX.

GOOD-BYE FOR EVER.

Churton took Fortress to pay the talked-of visit, for Fortress felt that the "good-bye for ever" had somehow been cancelled. Mrs. Ewart received him with much composure (after the manner of women) and with charming grace. She displayed her children before him, and gave him clearly to understand (unless he chose to be very slow of understanding) that she was to be regarded rather as the busy matron than as the lonely widow. He remained but a short time, and departed with permission to repeat his call. Of the permission he availed himself frequently, to the great delight and material advantage of the children, who regarded Major Fortress as the king of men, the fountain of wealth, and a lineal descendant of the demi-gods. One day, when Major Fortress and Mrs. Ewart were left together, the former said abruptly and hurriedly: "Mrs. Ewart, I do not wish to recur to the painful past; but I should like to establish my character with you in certain respects. I am no longer a gambler; I can no longer be called, without injustice, an infidel; but I must confess, with shame and sorrow, that there is another blot which you rightly expressed your horror at, which I assured you had fallen upon my reputation without a cause, but which I have it not in my power, even now, when perhaps your change from unmarried girl to mother might excuse me if I made my defence, to remove to your satisfaction. Do you remember what it was?"

Mrs. Ewart's heart had been beating fast during this address; she had said inwardly to herself: "I will not show him the letter, for, after all, the guilty man was my husband;" she had waited to the end; and now with some emotion she replied: "Major Fortress, I have need to ask your forgiveness; I was but a silly, self-righteous girl, when I behaved towards you as I did; and as for the blot you allude to, circumstances, which I hope you will not desire to hear, have cleared you altogether in my poor eyes."

"That *is* fortunate," said Fortress radiantly, having thought, as she spoke, that her troubles had only given her a sweeter expression; "but, if you recollect, there is still the sad fact that I am in the army."

"I have learned," said Mrs. Ewart with a sweet smile, "to hold no sweeping theories about professions."

"The accused may be considered, then," rejoined Fortress laughing, "to have cleared himself completely; and if you have not forgotten my motto—"

At this interesting point, in rushed the elder boy, looking the very image of his dead father. Fortress glared at him a moment, grew gloomy-visaged immediately, made a few kind inquiries about the boy's welfare, and then took a colder farewell than usual of Mrs. Ewart. She had noticed the glare, as of one who recognizes an enemy, and the gloom which succeeded it; and as she stood at the window watching Fortress's retreating figure, which did not turn round as it was wont, and raise its hat as a parting salute, she muttered to herself, in the words of Guinevere, in the Idyll she had been reading: "The shadow of another clings to me, and makes me one pollution."

Meanwhile, Fortress, as he wended his way, was thinking: "I might, perhaps, have been a happy man if that boy had not come in. But to be the father of *his* children! Pah! I don't think I could do it. Nevertheless, she shall not be able to say that I was not *Semper idem*."

There are men to whom the story of *Enoch Arden* is revolting, and would be revolting even if Enoch had been dead when Annie married Philip. They would have been faithful to the death to Annie, and would have found out means to save her from poverty without a sale of herself, to which the sale of an unmarried girl in the Belgravian market is, in their estimation, an irreproachable transaction. They have, moreover, when they reflect calmly, an objection to this acknowledgment of woman's influence, and think in their secret hearts that woman's vanity requires to be checked rather than encouraged—that the tyranny of beauty should be overthrown—that loveliness should not be allowed to cherish the idea (for which, alack! there is but too much foundation), that so soon as she has disposed of one victim (who may, however, have disagreed with her,) there is another anxious to be swallowed up—that the charming widow with a batch of fatherless children, has but to throw out a little sweet bait, and she will forthwith hook the most desirable of her former lovers. How much of all this, added to the apparition of young Ewart in the likeness of his dead father, decided Fortress's future course, no human being can tell. He determined, however, to act up to his motto, *Semper idem*. Soon after his critical interview with Mrs. Ewart (with whom he never again got upon such delicate ground), he managed to get sent upon foreign service. He distinguished himself in action, and was killed; and Mr. Draft then informed Mrs. Ewart that the welcome annuity had come solely from Major Fortress, who had by his will increased it by the addition of nearly all he possessed. He had also written to Mrs. Ewart a long letter, in which he revealed his whole heart, and begged her acceptance of his portrait, wherein photography had been extraordinarily successful, and on the back whereof was the motto, *Semper idem*.

Will any find fault with her if she hold in either hand the portraits of her husband and Major Fortress; if she gazed with tear-stained face on each; if she put down the former, gently sighing, on the table, and, passionately kissing the latter, moaned:

He was the higher and more human too,
Not Launcelot nor another;

if she hung her husband's in the room where strangers eat, and her lover's in the room where she would lie o' nights, and watch and think, and pray and weep, and haply sleep and dream?

The hypochondriac had long since gone where there is neither "Bright's disease" nor "rheumatism in the heel;" the Echo lay amongst the echoes of the tombs; Jemima felt the assistance of her two thousand pounds, and blessed the memory of her uncle, for she little thought to whom she was indebted for her legacy; Dr. Snell had taken his departure for the place where all things, including "tonics," are forgotten; Mrs. Platt was but a pleasant memory; and Caroline and Augusta, themselves fruitful mothers of children, talked over, again and again, with Mrs. Ewart the whole story of her life, and agreed one with the other that, had she married Major Fortress, she might truly have been said to have "married well."

The Advantages of the Cholera.

Mr. G. W. Kendall tells the following story of an Englishman he met at Munich in 1854:

On returning at dusk I met the bluff old Englishman in the coffee-room, smoking a cigar, got into conversation with him, and soon found, as I expected, that he was a half-pay officer in the British service, with a goodly sum of his own besides his pay, travelling over Europe entirely for pleasure. As our dialogue over our cigars was not altogether without interest, I must give a portion of it:

"You have been in the United States, then?" inquired I.

"Yes," was the response.

"At what particular places?" I continued.

"I was at Bladensburg!" retorted he.

"And at New Orleans?" queried I, trying to be significant.

"Never!" was the rejoinder, and he said it with an emphasis which I understood perfectly.

"How long do you remain in Munich?" I continued, quitting the American subject, as I found it did not pay.

"Until the cholera is pretty well over," he went on to say, coolly and indifferently. "But which way are you from last?" he went on to say, interrogatively.

"From Stutgard," I retorted.

"Have they the cholera there?" he inquired in the same cool and quiet tone.

"Not a case," rejoined I.

"Well, I'll wait until it gets there," was the response. "I've been following the cholera now for over two years. I have been at Warsaw, at Moscow, at St. Petersburg, at Copenhagen, at Stockholm, and wherever it raged badly, and have finally caught up with it at Munich. Let me give you a secret: You are a younger man than I am, and may have travelled extensively; so have I; and I have ascertained to my entire satisfaction that wherever you find the cholera you find good, low down rooms at the hotels, and a plenty of servants to wait on you; you can have everything your own way. But go to one of the healthy holes, and they will stow you away in a garret, and if you find any one to wait on you, you will have to hunt for him. I went down the other day to Insbruck, in the Tyrol, to see a friend; was jammed into a double-bedded room in the fifth story with some greasy scoundrel for a mate, and came back here the next day to my cosy and comfortable bedroom and parlor on the first floor. Blame a healthy place, when you can find a sickly one."

"But are you not afraid of the cholera?" I queried.

"Not a bit of it—blast the cholera," was the quiet response.

"But how do you keep clear of it when it is raging all around you?" was my next question.

"I let it alone: confound the cholera. I never meddle with it—never think of it, and if all would follow my plan, and not worry themselves, there wouldn't be half so much of the cholera as there is. I didn't start the cholera, but I intend to follow it so long as I can get rooms low down."

The next morning, as we were all starting back to Stutgard, on our way to Paris, we left the lusty old Englishman, all serene, smoking his cigar, in front of the Hotel Maulick, which he now had all to himself, and apparently waiting patiently for the cholera to subside in Munich, and to break out sufficiently severe in some neighboring city to clear the hotels of their guests, and give him apartments low down.

☞ It is an excellent time to read the book of Nature when Autumn turns the leaves.

A Washington Romance.

Some time since, says a Washington correspondent, an army officer, holding the rank of captain, was standing in front of one of our large city hotels, deeply meditating on something only known to himself, when he was addressed by a colored individual, who asked him if that was Captain C——. Upon the captain answering in the affirmative, he was informed by the gentleman of color that there was a person in the shape of a female, who wished to see him at the corner above. Now, we will say here that the brave captain had been struck somewhere in the region of the heart with an arrow from cupid's bow, and he had fixed that very night to ask that same question which so many have asked, viz.: "Will you have me?" But still, he was ready for some romance, if it came in his way. He accordingly followed the dark individual to the corner above, and there saw a lady deeply veiled, so that not a particle of her face could be seen. When he came up she asked him to follow her, and led the way to a public square, where she informed him that if he would be willing to be blindfolded and led some little distance, he would meet the lady he intended to propose to that night, and furthermore, a minister would be in attendance, ready to pronounce them one and inseparable. Now the captain had fixed himself all up for the occasion, so there was no difficulty in his dress or looks, though he did not like the blindfolding part; but he finally consented, and a dainty little handkerchief was placed over his eyes, sweetly scented and worked all over. His fair pilot then took his arm and escorted him around corners, and finally stopped at a neat little house, rang the bell, and the next minute the captain was in the presence of a large company there assembled, he thought, to see the wedding. When the handkerchief was removed from his eyes, he found himself the centre of all eyes. At one end of the room (which we will state here was a clergyman's house) was a minister all ready to do his part of the arrangement. In a few moments the door was opened, and in came the bride elect, all dressed for the occasion, but with a heavy mask on, which she informed the captain would be removed as soon as he had promised to "love, honor, and keep her for better or for worse." They stood up, the captain all anxiety, and the minister commenced. The captain made his vows, and when the lady was about to do the same she removed her mask and said to the astonished and mortified groom: "John, I could not let you have another wife while I was living."

The captain now looked down, and who should it be but his wife, who he thought was out West, and not dreaming that she was near; but she having heard of the attention he had been paying to the lady in question, had come on and arranged the plan which was carried out. In another moment in rushed a curly-headed boy, crying: "Papa, papa."

The captain who had come so near doing something bad, finding he could not get out of the scrape, gave in, and started away with his lawful wife and little one; but before doing so, he asked to see the fair conductor who brought him to the house, and you can imagine his amazement when the lady stepped up, and he found it to be the very lady to whom he had intended to pop the question that night. The curtain dropped here, and the last we saw of the captain he was stepping into a carriage with his wife and child.

Moral—Gentlemen, never try to marry a second time until you are certain your first wife is gone.

Improved Boots.

A London shoemaker has been making some improvements in boots.

The chief feature is an elastic steel spring, which is inserted in the hollow or "waist" of the foot, causing it to fit closely to the hollow. Mr. Nicoll says that "boots made in the ordinary way sink in the waist, and cause the heel to project behind in an unsightly and inconvenient manner, to avoid which, boots made on the common plan have a stiff piece of leather in the waist called a 'shank,' which, by its inflexibility, prevents the proper action of the bones and muscles of the instep." All these evils are successfully obviated in the "Flexura" boot.

His "Flexura" boot supports the ankle and instep, and is evidently a most comfortable boot.

He makes also the "Elevans" boot for persons with flat feet, and for those who wish to appear taller. The "Elevans" boot is designed to elevate the wearer, improve the instep, and give a graceful appearance to such feet as would otherwise be flat and shapeless. These results are produced by the introduction into the back part of the boot of a piece of cork of any desired thickness, from half-an-inch to two inches, the under surface of which is cut away to form an artificially arched or hollow waist, and a steel spring working between copper plate is then inserted to give the necessary support and elasticity.

The cork has a slight cup or socket to receive the ball of the heel, and is made the same height at the front as at the back of the heel, so that the foot is not placed upon an inclined plane, and the weight of the body is not thrown entirely upon the toes, as with ordinary boots. For example, the "Elevans" boot, with one-inch heel and one-inch cork, is elegant in shape and pleasant to wear; whereas an exterior heel of equal height (two inches) would not only be ridiculous in appearance, but almost impossible to walk in.

Mr. Nicoll was asked if many ladies had their boots made wide enough for comfort. He replied that all his American customers do, but that the majority of English ladies wear both boots and shoes too narrow; but both English and Americans agree in appreciating the merits of the "Flexura," and say the support is wonderful, and that they are easier to walk in than any others.

☞ A serious difficulty, not wholly unforeseen, embarrasses the movement for female suffrage in Kansas. The women themselves cannot be induced to take any interest in it. They declare they don't want to vote. The active politicians who are agitating for this "leap ahead" find themselves compelled, first of all, to convert the women to their views. This may somewhat retard the progress of this "great principle."

HER BOOTS.

A Rhapsody.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

I stood beside the rolling, restless sea,
And my friend Smith stood smoking close by me;
The ocean's foam rolled playfully away
(Venus was born of that same foam, they say).
Enough, my fate was sealed that very day.
Tripping on the golden sands, a footstep light
Struck on my ear, and she burst on my sight;
Smith saw her too and pocketed his pipe,
And gave his long moustache a smoothening wipe—
I wished him safe aboard his ten-ton yacht—
She'd such a foot, and then her boot,
Built like a Heudan with a silken knot!
Not black and polished, but of creamy hue—
When I said boot, of course I meant she'd two,
With instep arched, just like the Bridge of Sighs,
And two such heels, to give a little rise;
But they were nothing to her coal-black eyes,
That gave the look that quite electrifies.
She stood upon a little pedestal of rock,
And screamed out little screams at every shock;
The tide was rising, and each tiny wave
Rushed round her feet, so playfully to lave
And kiss the boots that held those pretty feet,
Then, quite abashed, they beat a quick retreat.
At last a swell much bigger than the rest,
More impudent, in fact, now onward pressed.
She fled! but still the swell kept pressing on,
I thought my love and both her boots were gone.
Smith stood aghast, but I, with frantic cry,
Seized her at once, and bore her high and dry!
Her ma, who had been dozing in the sun,
Woke up and asked what she had been and done?

* * * * * *

We saw them home, Smith took the good parent,
While I with Miss walked far behind content;
And then, good sirs, why need I tell you more?
Each morn beheld me knocking at the door
With flowers or music, or some poor excuse,
That with my time and heart just played the deuce.
At last all things went on the usual way,
And ended "in love, honor and obey;"
Which did of course produce the usual fruits—
I have the lady and—I buy the boots.

MORAL.

The moral *is*, that victim man,
If he just only knew it;
Ah, if he did—why then, of course,
He'd never go and do it.

Riding Astride by Women.

One of Mr. Willis's pet ideas—women riding astride, like the men, pantaloons and all—is being put into practice. A Western paper describes the costume of the fashionable horse woman of that place: "It is a Zouave rig, which allows the lady to sit astride her steed. A close fitting basque, tastefully ornamented with embroidery, with Zouave pants, made full like those of the Turks, and gathered at the bottom into bands, which are concealed in the tops of high, tight laced gaiter boots. On the head a straw turban, with a plain velvet band and a tuft of flowers. Lilac is a favorite color with black trimmings." Even the staid old *New York Post* admits that "such a habit must greatly facilitate the management of a horse, as well as materially decrease the chances of accident from entangled drapery." We have seen on the borders of the Hudson, this summer, two beautiful girls, just ripening into womanhood, who wore a similar costume to that described above when taking horseback exercise. They belong to one of our most respectable families, and would do nothing that is unbecoming to a lady, be she never so refined and elegant in her manners.—*Home Journal.*

☞ Mr. Robert Browning is about to publish a poem of 15,000 lines, containing "discussions on a host of the most interesting and puzzling social problems of the day." We are not told what advantage it will be to put these heavy discussions into poetry; but if he makes it real funny poetry—as funny for example as his "Caliban in Setebos,"—it will at least make the reader smile. After he gets rested from his labor, we should like it if he would take the *Congressional Globe* and make poetry of it for the benefit of members of Congress.—*N. Y. Times.*

☞ Mark Twain, writing from Europe, thus describes some of its sovereigns: "The Czar and his brother would be marked in a crowd as great men and good ones. The Emperor Napoleon would be marked in a crowd as a great man and a cunning one. The Sultan of Turkey would not be marked in a crowd at all."

☞ Dean Swift is reported to have said that, universal as the practice of lying is, and easy as it seems, he did not remember to have heard three good falsehoods in all his conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.

☞ The grape crop of Ohio is estimated this year to be the largest ever known.

☞ "Contraction and expansion are convertible terms as applied to currency," said an inveterate humorist to a financial friend. The friend, as in duty bound, asked, "How so?" The reply came thus: "You admit that our currency is a debt!" The friend nodded. "Well, then, when you contract the currency you contract a debt; which I take it is equivalent to expansion. So you see the two things mean the same thing." The financial friend is not expected to recover.

☞ A ship canal through the Florida peninsula is advocated by the Southern newspapers. Such a canal would be less than a hundred miles long, and would shorten the voyage from New Orleans to New York several days, and be the means of avoiding the dangers of the Florida coast.

New Mines Being Opened of Everything.

Whether it be by the opening up of ancient working grounds, or the discovery of hitherto unknown deposits, the supply of raw material appears to enlarge with the demand. In Japan, where the natives eagerly seize upon all the Occidental arts of making their products valuable, we hear of immense quantities of iron, lead, and coal. Near Peking, in China, an oil-bearing stratum has been found, extending over a surface of three hundred miles square. In Greece, the French Company working the slag and scorim from the ancient lead mines, are clearing nearly 15,000 francs daily. In Italy oil springs have been discovered near Isolletta, between Naples and Rome, together with vast deposits of bitumens, asphalts and a peculiar bituminous coal, capable of producing (so states the discoverer, a scientific Italian) a heat more than double that of the English Newcastle coal. New gold mines have been found also in Chili, lead in Canada, and any amount of fresh deposits of all sorts out West. But after all, as Ross Brown says in his last report upon the resources of the Pacific states and territories, "The desideratum is more saving processes, not more mines." We have all that we can use, if we are careful to use all that we have.

From the Sunday Mercury, N. Y. City.

TEA.—Two full cargoes of the first pickings and finest quality of Japan and Oolong Teas were purchased by the Great American Tea Company, 31 and 33 Vesey street. The first they are selling at $1.25 a pound, and the Oolong at $1 a pound, which is far below the price the same quality can be purchased at in any other store we know of. Consumers should bear this in mind and try it. It is prime.

WALKING.—With the increase of horse-railroads and of other cheap facilities for city travel, it is to be feared that many of our citizens will forget that walking is the best exercise a person can take. Thousands of clerks, and business and professional men, whose duties require them to sit in offices nearly the whole of the working hours, ride down and up town from and to their homes, without having walked half a mile during the entire day. If they accompany ladies to a place of amusement in the evening, they never think of walking.

☞ A most extraordinary matrimonial arrangement has lately been consummated in Chicago. The three bridegrooms are brothers, and the happy brides are sisters, and it was literally the marriage of two entire families. It was an economical arrangement, thus wooing and marrying at wholesale—a great saving in lights, fuel and the expenses of the wedding festivities was effected.

☞ The Boston Journal says, with regard to stubborn pens: "If a steel pen is too stiff, stick it into a gas flame for a few seconds, then dip it into water, oil or tallow. If a new pen is greasy, put it in the flame for an instant and the ink will run.

☞ The vile practice of "hazing" has been revived in Yale College. A freshmen was enticed from his room last week by four or five "sophs," who took him to a retired place, where they shaved all the hair off his head and otherwise insulted him.

☞ The Surgeon General's office, from records kept during the war, shows that cold steel plays but little part in modern battles. In three years there were reported on the Union side, only a hundred and forty-three bayonet wounds, and a hundred and five sabre cuts. Gunpowder does the work. Modern artillery and long-range rifles give little chance for the bayonet or the dashing cavalry charge.

☞ A lady out with her little girl and boy bought him a rubber balloon, which escaped him and flew up in the air. The girl seeing the tears in his eyes, said: "Never mind, Neddy, when you die and go to Heaven, you'll git it."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been rather more doing: 1000 bbls of Northwest family sold for shipment at $10@11,27½c; 800 bbls of extra at $8,75@9, and 6000 bbls in lots, to the retailers and bakers, at $7,50@8,75 for superfine, $8,50@9,50 for old stock and fresh ground extra, $10@11,50 for low grade and fancy Northwest family, $11@12,50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $13@14,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. 300 bbls of Rye Flour sold in lots at $6,50@9 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been very little demand for Wheat; 2000 bus of common to fair red sold at $2,35@2,40; 4000 do of good to prime at $2,50@2,60, 5000 do of choice from $2,60@2,65 ₩ bus, as to quality, and California at $2,65 ₩ bus. Rye—600 bus sold at $1,50@1,60 for Southern, and $1,60@1,65 ₩ bus for Penna. Corn—25,000 bus of prime yellow sold at $1,40@1,41, and 40,000 bus of Western mixed at $1,39@1,40. Oats—20,000 bus sold at 65@70c ₩ bus. 9000 bus of New York Barley sold at $1,45, and small lots of Barley Malt at $1,60@1,65 ₩ bushel.

PROVISIONS—There has been very little doing. Pork commands $22@23,50 for Mess; $21@22 for prime do, and $20 for prime. Western Mess Beef—City packed sells at $26,50. Bacon—sales of Hams at 15@15½c; Sides at 17@17½c, and Shoulders at 12½@13c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 16@17c, and Shoulders, in salt, at 12@12c. Lard—Sales in tcs and bbls at 14@14½c, and kegs at 15@15½c. Butter—Sales of old at 44@50c; new at 20@30c, and roll at 20@37c. Cheese—Sales at 15@17c. Eggs sell at 35@36c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market has been very dull; about 600 bales of middlings sold in lots at 19½@20c for uplands, and 20@21c ₩ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—100 hhds 1st No 1 Quercitron sold at $51 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Yellow sells at 41c ₩ ℔.

COAL—Market dull. The cargo rates are $4,25@4,50 ₩ ton for white ash, and $4,50@4,75 for red ash.

FEATHERS—Western sell at 65@70c for fair and choice lots.

FRUIT—Dried Apples sell at 8½@9½c. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 8@8½c, and halves at 9½@10c½ ₩ ℔. Dried Blackberries sell at 11@11½c. Pared Peaches range at from 18 to 26c ₩ ℔. Green Apples sell at from $4 to $7 ₩ bbl.

HOPS—Sales at from 50 to 70c for the crop of 1867, as to quality.

IRON—Pig Iron is dull; sales of No 1 at $42; No 2 at $39@40; and $32@37 for Forge. Scotch Pig is quoted at $42@43 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—1900 bus Cloverseed sold at $7,50@8 ₩ bus for prime new. Timothy—500 bus sold at $2,25. Flaxseed is quoted at $2,50.

TALLOW—City rendered sells at 11½c, and country at 11@11½ ₩ ℔.

WOOL—The market has been very dull. Small sales at from 55@56c for double extra; 50@51c for extra; 45@47c for fine; 40@42 for medium; 35@36c for coarse; 40@43c for tub washed; 25@30c for extra Western pulled; and 50@53c ₩ ℔ for No 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2100 head. The prices realized from 8½@9 cts ₩ ℔. 200 Cows brought from $45 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 4@5c ₩ ℔. 4500 Hogs sold at from $8,50 to 10,00 ₩ 100 ℔s.

AMERICAN CABINET ORGANS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—Nothing could be more cosy than the court filled with beautiful Cabinet Organs made of American woods. There is always a throng of persons around his instruments, which are played every day by the great organists of Paris, by Mons. Lefebure, Mons. St. Saens, Mons. Ed. Batiste. There is but one opinion among all these artists about the great merits of these instruments. "They are perfection," is the expression one hears from the most competent judges. I hear Messrs. Mason & Hamlin will receive a first class medal for their Cabinet Organs.—*Correspon. Boston Gazette.*

ONCE at Wotton, Rowland Hill was preaching in the afternoon, the only time when it seemed possible to be drowsy under him. He saw some sleeping, and paused, saying: "I have heard that the miller can sleep while the mill is going, but if it stops it wakes him; I'll try this method." And so he sat down, and soon saw an aroused audience.

☞ A very successful breeder of short horns, at Harristown, Macon county, Ill., has realized the sum of $1,300 in premiums awarded to his herd at state and county fairs this season.

☞ The eldest son of the King of Siam, and heir to the throne is dead. He was born in 1823; his name was Krom Mu'n Mahosuansivavilas, and he leaves twenty-nine half-brothers and thirty-three half-sisters. So that there is no immediate danger of the line becoming extinct.

☞ "When I goes a shoppin'," said an old lady, "I allers ask for what I wants, and if they have it, and it's suitable, and I feel inclined to buy it, and it's cheap, and can't be got for less, I most allers takes it without chappering about it all day, as some people do."

628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.

Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

Wholesale and Retail at Manufactory and Salesroom, No. 628 ARCH St.

Catalogue corrected monthly of Sizes, Styles, and Prices at Retail sent to any address.

nov24-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

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AGENTS IN EVERY COUNTY

In the United States, to have the exclusive sale of articles in good demand, paying a large profit. Address "CHARLES S. GREENE & CO., No. 412 CHESTNUT Street, Philadelphia." oct5-3m

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$10. SEWING MACHINE. $10.

$25 to $50 A DAY TO AGENTS.

PATENTED 1860. *Territorial rights given free to good Agents.* It is the largest, best, and strongest cheap machine sold. It makes a seam which will not rip, THOUGH EVERY THIRD STITCH BE CUT. No family should be without one. The only $10 Sewing Machine sold that will sew heavy Beaver cloth. Sent free by express on receipt of price, $10, packed in a wooden box with 1 spool machine silk, 1 silver hemmer, 1 screw-driver, and 1 brass gauge. Agents wanted everywhere.

EMPRESS SEWING MACHINE CO., oct19-4t 920 Broadway, New York.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

YOUNG AND OLD MAKING MONEY.

The LOWE PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented. Price of an Office with Press—$15, $30, $50. Send for a circular to the LOWE PRESS CO., 23 Water St., Boston. je15-6m

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WHY will people pay $50 or $100 for a Sewing Machine, when $15 will buy a better one for all PRACTICAL purposes? Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the subscribers beg to inform their numerous friends that the "FRANKLIN" and "MEDALLION" Machines can be had in any quantity. This machine is a double thread, constructed upon entirely new principles, and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. It is emphatically the poor man's Sewing Machine, and is warranted to excel ALL others, as thousands of patrons will testify.

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A fine collection suitable for all occasions is contained in

The Sabbath-School Trumpet.

Choice Hymns and Tunes, Chants and Anthems, and a New Juvenile Cantata. Price, paper, 30 cts., boards, 35 cts. Sent, post-paid.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, 277 Washington Street, Boston.

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Send for Catalogue of New and Practical Architectural Works, enclosing stamp. A. J. BICKNELL, Troy, New York. nov2-4t

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$2 TO $5.—For every hour's service, pleasant and honorable employment without risk. Desirable for all ladies, ministers, teachers, students, farmers, merchants, mechanics, soldiers, everybody; please call or address, C. W. JACKSON & CO., 56 Beaver St., New York. oct12-3m

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Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

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OAK HALL

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These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct30-1y

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One Dollar and stamp for return postage will procure recipe for an elegant Hair Dressing that can be made anywhere for a few pennies. Cures Dandruff and Scurf, and renders the hair soft and glossy. Address J. A. WILLIAMS, Paris, Ky. nov2-2t

PENNINGTON INSTITUTE,—33d year began August 29th. Terms reasonable. For Catalogues, address A. P. LASHER, Pennington, N. J. aug20-3m

WANTED—

To make an arrangement with a live man in every county, who wishes to make money, and can give good references. No capital required. Will sell a business now paying $1,500 per month, and rely on profits for my pay. Address J. C. TILTON, nov2-2t Pittsburg, Pa.

A BOOK AGENT wanted in every town. Send stamp for catalogue or $1 for Sample book to CHARLES MEANCHES, oct19-4t 74 Bleecker Street, New York.

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$100 A MONTH SALARY will be paid for Agents, male or female, in a new, pleasant, permanent business; full particulars *free* by return mail, or sample retailing at $4.50 for 50 cents. A. D. BOWMAN & CO., 48 Broad Street, New York. [Clip out and return this notice.] oct12-3m

WHISKERS!—A heavy Beard is warranted in five weeks by using Russell's Italian Compound. Sent closely sealed from curious eyes for 50 cents. RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York. oct12-3m

WHISKERS.—DR. LAMONTE'S CORNOLIA will force Whiskers on the smoothest face, or Hair on Bald Heads. Never known to fail. Sample sent for 10 cents. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. je6-1y

TRUE, BUT STRANGE.—Any person sending us their address, with 20 cents, will receive, by mail, the Name and a Carte de Visite of their future Wife or Husband. REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. oct26-3m

(Established 1861.)

THE GREAT AMERICAN Tea Company

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS,

22,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *Golden State*,
12,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *George Skelton*.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American Houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

First: The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales of shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in the country have made their immense fortunes through their Houses in China.

Second: The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Tea.

Third: The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

Fourth: On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

Fifth: The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

Sixth: The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 20 per cent.

Seventh: The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer, at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

Eighth: The Retailer sells it to the Consumer, for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in the city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, as seen in the Club Order published below, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the CLUB. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS:

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 100., best $1 ₩ ℔.
MIXED (Green and Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ ℔.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ ℔.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ ℔.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ ℔.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ ℔.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1 25, best $1 50 ₩ ℔.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c per ℔. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per ℔. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

CLUB ORDER.

Edwards, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., June 3, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS:—I herewith send you another order for Teas. The last was duly received, and gives general satisfaction. As long as you send us such good Teas, you may expect a continuation of our patronage. As a further evidence that the subscribers were satisfied, you will observe that I send you the names of all those that sent before who were near out of Tea, with a large addition of new subscribers. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Ship this as the other, and oblige. Your ob't servant, DAVID C. McKEE,

4 lbs.	Japan	J. Havens.	at $1 25	$5 00
5 do	do	do	at 1 00	5 00
1 do	Gunpowder	do	at 1 50	1 50
1 do	Japan	S. Curtis	at 1 25	1 25
2 do	Young Hyson	do	at 1 00	2 00
1 do	Japan	N. Shaw	at 1 00	1 00
1 do	Young Hyson	do	at 1 00	1 00
3 do	do	R. McCargen	at 1 25	3 75
2 do	Green	do	at 1 25	2 50
4 do	do	Wm. Barraford	at 1 25	5 00
2 do	Gunpowder	A. H. Perkins	at 1 50	1 50

and 10 others—total $51 05

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (*beside the Express charges*), by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *vagabonds or swindlers*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

POST-OFFICE orders and drafts make payable to the order of The Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.;

NEW YORK.

Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE AND FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

BY A REPUBLICAN (not a "Radical.")

This is a 12mo., containing 116 pages, and is devoted to a calm and moderate discussion of the Suffrage Question—the author contending that the Suffrage should be Qualified, and not Unqualified and Universal.

Reasons are given against Universal Negro Suffrage, and also against Female Suffrage.

This work (published in June) was written before the Connecticut election of last Spring—and in it the writer gives the following

WARNING TO THE PARTY OF PROGRESS.

"In every great movement, as History warns us, it is all-important that the party of Progress should know *where to stop*. Generally, misled by zealots, they will not pause at the proper period, and thus create a Reaction, whose waves in turn sweep away not only the proofs of their folly, but much which has really been gained for the great cause of human improvement. A safe rule in such cases would seem to be, that the reformatory party should pause *when the result which they had originally aimed at was attained*.

"The Anti-slavery movement has effected its contemplated end; and the work planned in the days of sober reason being accomplished, it is now plunging into madness and folly. I warn the friends of the negro, and the negroes themselves, against the inevitable reaction which they are provoking. If they fall into the spirit of the Jacobins, and yield themselves to wild theories of the natural rights of man, and wild notions of vengeance against the Southern rebels, they will experience the fate of the Jacobins, *and go down amid the fierce surges of a popular reaction*. If they act, however, like moderate and sensible men, who are able to understand that there are other people in this country than negroes, and other interests than those relating to the freedmen, it will be well for the negroes themselves, for the Republican party, and for the country."

The Author wishes the above (and the work itself) to be read and pondered by all thoughtful men, in the light of the recent elections. Is not his Prediction coming true?

The work will be forwarded by mail (postage prepaid) on the receipt of the price, 50 cents, by the publishers, J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., jy13-tf No. 715 Market St., Philadelphia.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

WINTER TIME, TAKING EFFECT OCT. 13th, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the Market Street Cars, the last car connecting with each train leaving Front and Market Streets thirty minutes before its departure. The Chestnut and Walnut Street cars run within one square of the Depot.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 25 minutes before the departure of each train.

SLEEPING CAR TICKETS can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, and at the Depot.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street or No. 1 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8.00 A.M.
FAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS	12.00 M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	1.50 P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	3.20 "
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION	4.00 "
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5.00 "
WESTERN ACCOM. TRAIN	5.45 "
ERIE MAIL	11.15 "
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	9.00 "
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.15 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	9.00 "
ACCOMMODATION	11.30 "

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Agent 137 Dock Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.10 A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10 "
ERIE MAIL	9.05 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	8.20 "
FAST LINE	9.05 "
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.40 "
LANCASTER TRAIN	1.10 P.M.
ERIE EXPRESS	1.10 "
DAY EXPRESS	6.30 "
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	7.10 "
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	9.50 "

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

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Chimes and Bells of all Sizes for Churches, Factories, Academies, Steamboats, Plantations, Locomotives, &c.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Wouldn't Take Twenty Dollars.

Some waggish students at Yale College, a few years since, were regaling themselves one evening at the "Tontine," when an old farmer from the country entered the room (taking it for the bar-room) and inquired if he could obtain lodging there. The young chaps immediately answered in the affirmative, inviting him to take a glass of punch. The old fellow, who was a shrewd Yankee, saw at once that he was to be made the butt of their jests, but quietly laying off his hat and telling a worthless little dog he had with him to lie under the chair, he took a glass of the proffered beverage. The students anxiously inquired after the health of the old man's wife and children, and the farmer, with affected simplicity, gave them the whole pedigree, with numerous anecdotes about his farm, stock, &c., &c.

"Do you belong to the church?" asked one of the wags.

"Yes, the Lord be praised, and so did my father before me."

"Well, I suppose you would not tell a lie?" replied the student.

"Not for the world," added the farmer.

"Now what will you take for that dog?" pointing to the farmer's cur, who was not worth his weight in Jersey mud.

"I would not take twenty dollars for that dog."

"Twenty dollars? why, he is not worth twenty cents."

"Well, I assure you I would not take twenty dollars for him."

"Come, my friend," said the student, who with his companions was bent on having some capital fun with the old man. "Now you say you won't tell a lie for the world, let me see if you will not do it for twenty dollars. I'll give you twenty dollars for your dog."

"I'll not take it," replied the farmer.

"You will not? Here, let us see if this won't tempt you to tell a lie," added the student, producing a small bag of half dollars, from which he counted small piles on the table, where the farmer sat with his hat in his hand, apparently unconcerned. "There," added the student, "there are twenty dollars all in silver. I will give you that for your dog."

The old farmer quietly raised his hat to the edge of the table, and then as quick as thought scraped all the money into it except one half dollar, at the same time exclaiming, "I won't take your twenty dollars! Nineteen and a half is as much as the dog is worth—he is your property!"

A tremendous laugh from his fellow-students showed the would-be wag that he was completely "done up," and that he need not look for help from that quarter; so he good-naturedly acknowledged beat, insisted on the old farmer taking another glass, and they parted in great glee—the student retaining his dog, which he keeps to this day, as a lesson to him never to attempt to play tricks on men older than himself, and especially to be careful how he tries to wheedle a Yankee farmer.

Appropriate Addition.

Some time ago an affectionate wife departed this life, and for the benefit of her husband, who remained in this "vale of tears," she ordered placed upon her tombstone the following verse:

"Weep not for me, my dearest dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
Repent, my love, before you die,
For you must come and sleep with I."

In a year or so afterwards the affectionate husband, believing it not good for man to live alone, took unto himself another spouse, and under the first verse placed the following explanatory lines:

"I will not weep, my dearest life,
For I have got another wife.
I cannot come and sleep with thee,
For I must go and sleep with she."

A Hard Case.

It is quite as often that mistakes occur of persons who suppose it is their duty to become clergymen, as of those who fancy that they have the right talent to become physicians. The one thinks he has a call to *preach;* the other to *practice.* Experienced "hands" often see the lamentable error about to be committed by zealous aspirants in both professions. A case in point occurred not long since in the north-eastern part of Illinois. At a conference of Methodist ministers, Brother S——, who was not noted for brilliancy of diction, related his experience—speaking, among other things, of his call to preach, and his reluctance to obey the Divine inspiration, until it seemed to him that he must either preach or *suffer eternal punishment.* Elder T——, a very pious man and eloquent preacher, but somewhat given to jocularity, said to Brother S——, after meeting, "Yours, my dear brother, seems to me to be a very hard case—very hard indeed; for *it is very certain that you will never be able to preach!*"

Why he Never Saw Him.

At a certain college, the senior class was under examination for degrees. The Professor of Natural Philosophy was badgering in optics. The point under illustration was that, strictly and scientifically speaking, we see no objects, but their images depicted on the retina. The worthy Professor, in order to make the matter plainer, said to the wag of the class: "Mr. Jackson, did you ever actually see your father?" Bill replied promptly, "No, sir." "Please explain to the committee why you never saw your father!" "Because," replied Mr. Jackson, very gravely, "he died before I was born, sir."

ABERNETHY once said to a rich but dirty patient, who consulted him about an eruption:—

"Let your servant bring to you three or four pails of water, and put it into a washtub; take off your clothes, get into it, and rub yourself well with soap and a rough towel, and you'll recover."

"This advice seems very much like telling me to wash myself," said the patient.

"Well," said Abernethy, "it may be open to that objection."

"A BROTHER BRUSH."

SHIP PAINTER.—"Nice dryin' weather for our business, ain't it, sir?"
AMATEUR (disconcerted).—"Ya-a-s!"——[Takes a dislike to the place.

Not Quite Ready.

In Bridgeport, Conn., a young lady called into the store of a young gentleman for the purpose of being escorted up the street by him. Of course the young man was all excited and confused, especially as he was at that moment just going to the revenue office to procure a store license. He picked up his hat and hastily started for the door, remarking to the young lady as follows:

"Just wait a few minutes, until I go to the revenue office for a license; I will not be gone long."

The lady called him back, and astonished him by saying,

"Hold on, I am not ready for a license yet. Wait a few days."

The young man is still waiting; but the probability is he will not have to remain in doubt much longer.

Shaws and Straws.

An incident is mentioned by a correspondent, who was desired by his mother to go to neighbor Shaw's and see if he had any straw suitable for filling beds. "Mr. Shaw," says our informant, "was blessed with a goodly number of Misses Shaw, and I therefore felt a little timid at encountering them, and to make the matter worse, I arrived just as the family were seated at dinner. Stepping in the doorway, hat in hand, I stammered out, "Mr. Straw, can you spare enough Shaw to fill a couple of beds?" "Well," replied the old gentleman, glancing around at his large family, and enjoying my mistake, "I don't know but I can; how many will you need?" Before I could recover, those hateful Shaw girls burst into a chorus of laughter, and I made a hasty exit.

☞ Advice to some husbands. "How to make home happy"—Go off somewhere.

AGRICULTURAL.

Preparing Cows for Winter.

It does not seem to be generally known, or if known is not commonly practiced, that to carry a cow properly through the winter, keeping her in good condition and well up in her milk to within a month of her calving, it is important to begin in this region during the present month. In a former number of the "Practical Farmer" it was shown, in Davis Garrett's management of his milk dairy, that frosted grass had a great tendency to dry up cows. His practice, based on this discovery, was to keep them up at night, and only to turn them out in the middle of the day, when frost was off. In the stalls they had green corn-fodder and the usual feed of grain or ship-stuff.

Cows at this season, for various causes, are known to diminish in their flow of milk, and although some farmers give them a little feed, night and morning, it is not so common a practice as it ought to be. After giving milk all summer, the diminished production of a milch cow is owing to a somewhat exhausted constitution, as well as to the usual shortness of food in the fall. The animal health requires something more than watery or frosted pastures, and we have found great advantage in giving occasionally a little soft hay once a day, which is eaten with a great relish, and also two quarts morning and evening of mixed bran and middlings, bran and cornmeal, or bran with an equal proportion of good corn and oats. So small a quantity as this, in addition to pasture, often produces great results. It is much cheaper and easier to keep a cow in a good thriving condition, than to recover her from an exhausted one. Uninterrupted thrift, at all seasons, with all domestic animals, should be the motto; and this depends on constant care and oversight, with sound judgment in selecting the proper food and giving it in proper quantities and at proper times—and we might add, having in addition for each animal, constant access to a lump of rock salt.—*Practical Farmer.*

Buying and Selling Store Cattle.

Mr. Wm. McCombie, who is well known as the most successful of the breeders and exhibitors of Polled cattle in the north of Scotland, while as a feeder he has not been excelled by any one in Europe, says:—

"In selling lean cattle there is a great deal to be gained by choosing a favorable stand and showing them off properly to the buyers. Cattle look best on the face of a moderate sloping bank, and worst of all at a dead wall. The larger the number shown in a lot, especially of Polled cattle, as they stand close together, they look the better. I never liked to show less than forty in a lot, but sixty will look better than forty, and eighty better still. I never would break a lot of beasts except for a consideration in price, as the cattle left behind never have the same appearance. The dealer likewise knows that cattle look largest on the off-side. Many buyers like to see every beast in a lot go past them; and if the dealer can get the buyer to inspect them on the off-side, it is to his own advantage. Cattle and sheep are the better of a good rise up when the buyer is inspecting them. I have often seen quarrelling between the buyers and the drovers, the buyers insisting on the drovers letting them alone, while the drovers will not let them stand. I have seen a clever man keep some of the best beasts always in view of the buyers, a stick with a whip-cord being used for the purpose."

How to Treat Balky Horses.

If you have balky horses, it is your own fault, and not the horses, for if they do not pull true, there is some cause for it, and if you will remove the cause, *the effect* will cease. When your horse balks he is excited, and does not know what you want him to do. When he gets a little excited, stop him five or ten minutes; let him become calm; go to the balky horse, pat him, and speak gently to him; and as soon as he is over his excitement, he will, in nine cases out of ten, pull at the word. Whipping and slashing and swearing only make the matter worse. After you have gentled him awhile, and his excitement has cooled down, take him by the bits; turn him each way, a few minutes, as far as you can; pull out the tongue; gentle him a little; unrein him; then step before the balky horse, and let the other start first; then you can take them anywhere you wish. A balky horse is always high spirited and starts quick; half the pull is out before the other starts; by standing before him the other starts first. By close application to this rule, you can make any balky horse pull. If a horse has been badly spoiled, you should hitch him to the empty wagon, and pull it around a while on level ground; then put on a little load, and increase it gradually, caressing as before, and in a short time you can have a good work house.—*American Farmer.*

Flour Making.

The question how much wheat does it take to make a barrel of flour is often asked, and the answer is of a general character, "five bushels are allowed." At the annual Fair of the Dubuque county (Iowa) Agricultural Society in 1866, a premium of $3 was offered for the best barrel of flour made from winter wheat, and also the same made from spring wheat. A firm entered one barrel each, accompanied with the statement that sixteen bushels of winter wheat yielded three barrels and one hundred and three pounds of flour—at the rate of four bushels and fifteen pounds of wheat to the barrel. Of spring wheat, fifty bushels yielded eleven barrels of flour, being four bushels and thirty-two pounds to the barrel. The wheat was a fair quality and no more.

Items.

THE cattle reporter of the Prairie Farmer says, "It will cost farmers 10 cts. per lb., at the present price of corn, to make pork, and as they cannot reasonably expect to realize over $6@6.75 for live weights, it is to their advantage to sell their grain and send in their hogs, although but partially fattened."

HAVING been often told that anything would do for seed potatoes, a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker planted four rows of twenty hills each in the centre of his field, with the following result:—

	Marketable.	Small.
1 large potato in a hill yielded	67	24
4 small " " "	53	37
4 cut " " "	61	37
8 eyes only " " "	7½	19½

ON opening the State Fair of Iowa, President Melendy, in the course of his remarks, said: "We do not desire a great overshadowing federal institution, which shall attempt to direct or control agricultural matters. We hang our hopes for agricultural progress in this country upon the common schools, the state agricultural colleges, the agricultural newspapers, and agricultural associations established so thickly throughout the country."

France a Wheat Country.

According to the *Revue des Economistes,* the entire extent of surface appropriated in France to the cultivation of wheat, is two thousand eight hundred leagues. Of every hundred acres appropriated to cultivation in that country, forty are devoted to this grain. It is asserted that the quantity of wheat produced in France exceeds the aggregate product of the same grain in the British Isles, Sweden, Poland, Holland, Prussia and Spain. The annual consumption of wheat per head, on an average, in France, is between six and seven bushels; in the British Isles, between five and six bushels; in Spain, between four and five; in Holland, between two and three; in Prussia much less, and in Poland and Sweden comparatively little.

Spain, next to France, is the greatest wheat growing country in Europe. Her soil is almost equally as fertile, and abounds in those mineral ingredients upon the presence of which in the soil, the success of the wheat crop is in a great measure found to depend.

WOODS AND FORESTS.—To the instances we have from time to time given of the injurious effect on climate and cultivation by the cutting down of woods and forests, Singapore may now be added. In that island a rage for clearing has prevailed for some years, and the jungle has been destroyed without any regard to requirements of shelter. The capricious rainfall does not appear to be diminished; but the coffee plantations, which need protection, all perished. Had belts and clumps of the jungle been left standing to afford shelter, this loss might have been prevented. The cultivation of nutmegs, which once brought a large profit to Singapore, has also failed, but not from the same cause. In this case the mischief lay in over-manuring. Under these circumstances it is interesting to hear that plantations of the cocoanut trees have been introduced, and with such great success as to yield already a considerable profit. The return principally looked for is now cocoanut oil; but there are many ways in which the trees and their produce can be turned to account.

RECEIPTS.

PHEASANT PIE.—There are several ways of preparing a pheasant pie: it is very good when arranged after the fashion of a Yorkshire game pie—or it may be managed in the same manner as a chicken pie; or the bird or birds may be nicely boned and placed whole in a raised crust, or cut up and packed in a pie dish, together with some rich game forcemeat, a rim and top of crust being added in the usual way; or a mould may be lined with very thin slices of bacon, and the pheasant (previously cut up) may be then packed in; put more bacon on the top; lay a cover or dish upon the mould, and bake for an hour; serve this when cold. In every case the flesh of the birds may be first tossed in butter, as this process prevents the gravy looking cloudy when the pie is done. *Truffles may be advantageously introduced in all* game pies when they can be procured, and a little orange juice squeezed over the pie in making is a great improvement to its flavor.

TO BOIL PHEASANTS.—Nicely truss your pheasant, as though it were a turkey you were going to boil; put it into a saucepan of boiling water, and keep it boiling gently for thirty or forty minutes; take it up and pour over it in the dish some very nicely-stewed celery, mixed with a rich cream sauce; garnish with very thin slices of lemon.

TO STEW PHEASANT.—Truss the pheasant as for boiling; put it into a saucepan which is just large enough to hold it; pour in enough veal gravy, and stew it very slowly, till sufficiently done; add about a score of chestnuts, previously boiled and blanched; one or two sliced artichoke bottoms, already dressed; pepper, salt, a glass of white wine, and a little butter rolled in flour. Make all hot; squeeze into it the juice of half a lemon; put the pheasant in a dish, and pour the sauce over it. Some game forcemeat balls may be added, if fancied.

PIGS' FEET JELLY.—To one quart of stock take half a pound of loaf sugar, one pint of wine, one wineglassful of brandy, the rind and juice of two lemons, a few sticks of cinnamon broken up, a little mace, and the whites of three eggs strained, not beaten, and the shells broken up; mix all these ingredients well together, and boil for forty minutes. Do not stir it. Then throw in a pint of cold water, and let it boil ten or fifteen minutes longer. Strain through a flannel bag with a thin layer of cotton at the bottom of it. If you have no lemons, use a part of a tumbler of strong white vinegar, and use the essence of lemon. If the stock has not kept well, boil it over, and strain it before making the jelly.

EGGS AND BEEF.—Chip some dried beef, and pour boiling water over it to freshen it. Pour off the water and put a little butter into the skillet with the meat. When it is hot stir in three or four eggs until they are all well mixed with the meat; pepper, and send to the breakfast-table hot.

APPLE CREAM.—Boil twelve apples in water till soft, take off the peel, and press the pulp through a hair sieve upon half a pound of pounded sugar; whip the whites of two eggs, add them to the apples, and beat all together till it becomes very stiff and looks quite white. Serve it heaped up on a dish.

FRUIT CAKE.—Cream one pound of butter, and stir into it ten well-beaten eggs, a pound of sugar, and a pound of flour. Stone and cut fine three pounds of raisins, stem and dry two pounds of currants, and slice one pound of citron fine, and add to the batter. Grate one nutmeg and put in, and if the cake is to be used shortly after baking, add a pound of almonds blanched and cut fine. If kept any time the almonds impart a rancid taste to the cake. A small portion of the flour must be reserved to dredge the fruit with, to prevent it from sinking in the batter. Bake slowly for six or seven hours.

TO CLEAN SPONGES.—The following is a very simple and certain way of cleaning sponges from all grease, soap, or anything else. Fill a large jug with boiling water and put in your sponge; take a large lump of soda (about the size of a large hen's egg) and break it up, putting it as much as you can into the holes of the sponge; cover over, and leave it for about twelve hours. Rinse well, and it will be found almost like a new sponge.

THE RIDDLER.

Transposition.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 4 letters—
And entire I signify a company—change my 1st and I am found on the seashore; change it again, and I am used by conjurors; again, and I am part of the globe; again, and I am part of the body. Now change my 2nd, and I twist; change it again, and I unite; change it once more, and I am an obligation. Now change my 3rd, and I am bare; change it again, and I am a poet; change my 4th, and I am poison; change it again and I become a place of deposite; change it again, and I make a loud noise.

W. H. MORROW.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in Jane, but not in Thomas,
My 2nd is in Emma, but not in Jonas,
My 3rd is in Catharine, but not in Wallace,
My 4th is in Bella, but not in Maurice,
My 5th is in Fanny, but not in Fides,
My 6th is in Cornelia, but not in Placidus,
My 7th is in Felicia, but not in Tobias,
My 8th is in Beatrice, but not in Darius,
My 9th is in Sophia, but not in Stephen,
My 10th is in Abigail, but not in Evan,
My 11th is in Margaret, but not in Conrad,
My 12th is in Georgina, but not in Leonard,
My 13th is in Amanda, but not in Bernard,
My 14th is in Charlotte, but not in Gerard,
My 15th is in Martha, but not in John Huss,
My 16th is in Caroline, but not in Pius.

The name of my whole, I would like to know,
And hope that to me, the favor she'll show.

AMICUS.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If a heavy sphere whose diameter is 4 inches, be dropped in a conical glassful of water, whose diameter is 5 inches and altitude 6 inches, how much water will run over?

WM. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The monument erected in Babylon, by Queen Semiramis at her husband Ninus's tomb, is said to have been one solid block of marble in the form of a pyramid; the base was a square, whose side was 20 feet; and the height of the monument was 150 feet. Now suppose this monument was sunk in the Euphrates, what weight would be sufficient to raise the apex of it to the surface of the water—and what weight would raise the whole of it above the water?

WILLIAM TALBUT TOTTEN.

Philadelphia.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why do pantaloons of the latest style resemble men who make no bequests? Ans.—Because they leave no *leg-at-sees.*

☞ Why is a tired man like an umbrella? Ans.—Because he is used up.

☞ Why does a man with a wooden leg limp? Ans.—Because he's hobbly-gaited.

☞ Why are ship carpenters the most impolite men? Ans.—Because they are several days making a bow.

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—"The love of money is the root of all evil." REBUS—Gough, (Gibraltar, olive, Ursula, green, Herod.) DOUBLE REBUS—Napoleon, Waterloo, (now, Ada, pit, olive, lather, oil, Orinoco, No.)

Benevolent Blunders.

Under this title, a writer in Good Words, an "Evangelical" monthly, tells the following story of the difficulty some people meet with in endeavoring to lead what is called a "religious life:"

A lady had gone to visit a young couple of the better class of the poor. They had as yet no children, and the husband being a stoker on a railway, they were above the reach of want. Under these circumstances it seemed to the visitor that they might have attended to their religious duties at least to the extent of going to church on Sundays, and she ventured to intimate as much to the young woman who was standing rather idly at the door. "Will you please walk in till I show you something?" was the woman's answer; and she conducted her visitor to the little kitchen where her husband sat by the fire. He had just come home for half an hour to have his tea, and was watching the kettle with the most absorbing interest. He was, of course, in his working clothes, and his face and hands were of a deep oily black, after the manner of stokers.

"Now, ma'am," said the woman, pointing to him, "you see that there man; that's my husband, and I'm bound to do a part by him, ain't I?" "Surely," said the lady, anxious to uphold the duties of matrimony. "Very well, then; would you like to know how I pass my Sundays? A washing of he! Never a blessed moment has he to wash himself through the week, out early and late and half the night, too, and blacker nor any crow all the while. Well, on Sundays its fitting and proper he should try to look like a Christian, if he can, so he sets me to it after we eats our breakfast, with a bucketful of soapsuds and a scrubbing brush, and I rubs at him off and on all day, till my arms ache, and he ain't much better than he wor; and then after we has our tea, he says to me, 'Come, Sally, have another try, there's a brave wench,' and I goes at him again, and sluices him down till you'd think a born nigger ud come out white; and if you believe me, ma'am, when I polishes him off with a dry towel afore we goes to bed, he's only a light brown after all!" What was to be said to such stubborn *facts;* especially when the good woman finished with the unanswerable argument. "So you see, ma'am, them as wants to live religious has best not marry a stoker."